UC-NRLF
B 4 337 663
ML
50
D36
L3
1890
MUSI

GRAND OPERA LIBRETTOS

ITALIAN
AND ENGLISH TEXT
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

LAKMÉ

BY

DELIBES

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

CHAS·H·DITSON & Co.
New York

LYON & HEALY
Chicago

OPERA SCORES

All the vocal scores have English text together with the foreign text mentioned below. Unless otherwise specified, these books are bound in paper.

GRAND OPERAS

AÏDA ..... Giuseppe Verdi 2.50
In four acts. Italian text

BOHEMIAN GIRL....Michael W. Balfe 2.00
In three acts

CARMEN ..... Georges Bizet 2.50
In four acts. French text

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
Pietro Mascagni 2.00
In one act. Italian text

FAUST ..... Charles Gounod 2.00
In five acts. French text

LAKMÉ ..... Léo Delibes 3.00
In three acts

MARITANA....William Vincent Wallace 2.50
In three acts

MIGNON ..... Ambroise Thomas 2.50
In three acts. Italian text

SAMSON AND DELILAH
In three acts Camille Saint-Saëns 2.50

TROVATORE, IL.....Giuseppe Verdi 2.00
In four acts. Italian text

LIGHT OPERAS

BELLS OF CORNEVILLE, THE; or, THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY
In three acts Robert Planquette 2.50

BILLEE TAYLOR; or, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE Edward Solomon 1.50
In two acts

BOCCACCIO; or, THE PRINCE OF PALERMO Franz von Suppé 2.50
In three acts

DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA, THE
In two acts Julius Eichberg 1.50

FATINITZA ..... Franz von Suppé 2.50
In three acts. German and Italian text

MARTHA ..... Friedrich von Flotow 2.50
In four acts. German and Italian text

MASCOT, THE ..... Edmond Audran 2.50
In three acts

OLIVETTE ..... Edmond Audran 2.00
In three acts

PINAFORE, H. M. S.; or, THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR
In two acts Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.50

SORCERER, THE....Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.75
In two acts

STRADELLA.....Friedrich von Flotow 2.00
In three acts

Send for Descriptive Circular P—Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas and Operettas.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

C3128652

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY'S STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTO.

LAKMÉ.

OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

LEO DELIBES,

WORDS BY

GONDINET AND PH. GILLE,

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

.30

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY

Copyright, 1890, by Oliver Ditson Company.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

GERALD (*first tenor*) Officer of British army in India
FREDERIC (*baritone*) " " " "
NILAKANTHA (*basso cantante*).....A Brahmin priest
HADJI (*second tenor*).....A Hindoo slave
A FORTUNE TELLER.
A CHINESE MERCHANT.
A SEPOY.
LAKMÉ (*first soprano*).....Daughter of Nilakantha
ELLEN (*high soprano*).....Daughter of the governor
ROSE (*second soprano*).....Her friend
MRS. BENSON (*mezzo soprano*) Governess of the young ladies
MALLIKA (*mezzo soprano*).....Slave of Lakmé

Hindoos — men and women, English officers and ladies, sailors, Bayaderes, Chinamen, musicians, Brahmins, etc., etc.

ARGUMENT.

THE scene of Lakmé is laid in one of the large cities of India, and in its immediate vicinity, recently subdued and occupied by the English. The opening takes place in the grounds of Nilakantha, a Hindoo priest, whose premises it is considered criminal and worthy of death to profane. A small party of English ladies and officers of the British army find their way thither while strolling about for amusement. They force an entrance through the bamboo enclosure, and, while admiring the beauties of the place, come upon some beautiful jewels which have been laid aside for the moment by the daughter of the Brahmin proprietor. Realizing the impropriety of their presence, they turn to leave; but Gerald, one of the officers, and the lover of Ellen, daughter of the governor, wishing to make a sketch of the jewels for the benefit of his lady-love, remains behind for that purpose while the others depart. Upon reflection he decides to relinquish the idea of copying the form of the jewels, and in the moment of leaving is surprised by the sudden appearance of Lakmé just returning from a little excursion upon the neighboring stream. They are mutually struck by each other's presence, and, seemingly, a case of love at first sight is the result. Lakmé demands how and why he came there, and tells him of the death penalty which must follow such intrusion. Gerald expresses his admiration of Lakmé's beauty, and hastily departs, or conceals himself just as the priest-father returns to his home. Nilakantha notices the disturbance of his daughter, and observes the strange footsteps, and declares that the intruder must die if discovered. In the second act the scene is changed to the neighboring city, where a grand Brahminic festival and procession take place in honor of the gods and goddesses of India. Also an Indian bazaar, with its occupations and amusements. Many English residents are present, among them the party of the first act. Also the priest and his daughter disguised as penitents. Nilakantha orders Lakmé to sing, believing that she will be heard by the intruder upon his premises, and by his admiration of her beauty and voice will betray himself to his enemy's vengeance. The plan succeeds. Gerald is noted by the pleasure he shows at again meeting with Lakmé. Nilakantha, convinced of his guilt, sends his daughter away and consults with his friends upon the manner in which he proposes to take vengeance upon the destroyer of his peace and the intruder upon the sanctity of his home. Lakmé, disobeying the commands of her father, remains at hand, and when, shortly afterwards, Gerald is stricken down by the dagger of Nilakantha, she comes forward with her faithful slave, Hadji, and orders him to be carried to a hut concealed in the forest, where, his wound found to be not mortal, she cares for him and restores him to life and strength by the juices of certain plants whose medicinal properties are well known to the Hindoos. There as he recovers, his passion for her increases, and all else, including his former love, seems forgotten. A chorus of voices is heard passing their retreat, which comes from a procession of young lovers on their way to drink the waters of a sacred fountain, said to have the property of making unions lasting. Gerald wishes to drink of this water. Lakme obtains it, and is about to present it to him, when she perceives that a change has come over him during her absence. Meanwhile Frederic has made diligent search for his friend, and at last finds him alone in the hut. He endeavors to recall him to his duties by telling him that his regiment is ordered off at once to suppress an outbreak among the Hindoos. Gerald promises to be at his post in time, but begs a little delay, that he may once more see and bid adieu to Lakmé. Upon receiving this promise, Frederic leaves him at the moment of Lakmé's return with the sacred water. As she offers it to Gerald the fifes and drums of his regiment, just leaving for the seat of the rebellion, are heard in the distance. The sound, which recalls him to love and duty, transforms him, and he turns away from the proffered draught. Lakmé is shocked by the sudden change in him, which she but too well knows how to account for. In her heart-breaking despair she gathers and eats some flowers of the deadly poisonous *datura stramonium*, from the effects of which she dies in his arms just as her father and his friends arrive on the scene.

MUSIC LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY

ML50
D36L3
1890
Music

LAKMÉ.

FIRST ACT.

Scene I.

A well-shaded garden, where flourish and intermingle the flowers of India. In the back-ground, near a little river, stands a building of modest proportions, half concealed by the trees, a figure of Lotus over the door; and near by, a statue of Ganesá, the God of Wisdom, an idol with the head of an elephant, give this mysterious abode the appearance of a sanctuary. The garden is enclosed by a light fence of bamboo. Time, daybreak.

(Hadji, Malliká, Nilakantha; then Hindoos, men and women. Hadji and Malliká come to open the garden gate to the Hindoos, who enter reflectively.)

Prayer and Chorus.

Here at the usual moment.
When the plain, perfume-freighted,
By the dawn's flame lighted,
Doth greet the new-born day,
Let our prayers rise united,
That the anger of Brahma
May from us pass away.

Nilakantha.

(Coming from his dwelling.)

Thrice blessed may you be,
Who faithful homage render
To heaven's high priest in me,
Reviled, scoffed at, and outraged!
Of our base victors, the sway
We 'll weary out, sure, though slowly;
They have driven our gods away
From the ancient temples holy.
But Brahma o'er their heads
His vengeance has suspended:
When that explodes and spreads,
Our bondage will be ended!
In my dwelling here, to-day,
I saw God's power displaying.
Up to him I soared away,
While I heard my daughter praying.

Scene II.

Lakmé.

(In the wing.)

O Dourga fair, O Shiva great!
Mighty Ganesá, who, Brahma did create.

(Hindoos kneeling.)

O Dourga fair, O goddess great!

Scene I.

Un giardino assai ombroso dove crescono e s'intrecciano tutti i fiori dell' India. Al fondo si vede una casa bassa, mezzo nascosta tra gli alberi. L' immagine d' un loto sulla porta d' ingresso, e più lontano una statua di Ganessa, idolo con testa d' elefante, dio della sapienza, dànno a questa casa misteriosa l' aspetto d' un santuario. Al fondo si vede anche il principio d' un ruscello che si perde nella verdura. Il giardino è circondato d' una siepe debole di bambù. E l' ora dell' alba.

(Aggi, Mallica, Nilacanta, poi Indiani, entrano. All' alzarsi del sipario, Aggi e Mallica vanno ad aprire la porta del giardino ad nomini e donne indiane che entrano con raccoglimento.)

Coro. Ecco l' or' accostumata,
Ch' i prati 'mbalsamati,
Dall' alba dorati,
Salutan l' dí nascente,
Di Brama furioso
La collera per calmar,
E l' su' favor ottener,
Le preci uniamo.

Nilacanta.

(Uscendo della casa.)

Tre veci benedetti che date omaggio
Al pret' abbandonato a burle ed oltraggio.
Del vittor odiatò,
L' ira stancheremo.
Fuor de' loro templi,
Poté levarci i dei,
Ma sul su capo Brama
Sospese la vendetta,
Che quando si scateni,
Será la libertade.
Nel mi retiro d' oggi,
Di Dio splende 'l poter,
A lui tratto vengo
Pregar che senta Lacme!

Scene II.

(A questo momento s' ode la voce di Lacme nella casa del bramano. Tutti gli indiani si prosternano.)

Lacme. Blanca Durga,
Pallida Siva!
Possente Ganessa!
Voi di Brama nati
Salute.

0438-1

(Lakmé enters and joins in the prayer.)

Wise Ganesá protect our state.
O Shiva pale, thy wrath abate! [create.
God's wise and great, that did Brahma

Nilakantha.

(To Hindoos.)

Go, now, in peace;
But as you leave, repeat
Your devout morning prayer.
May God guide your feet.

(All now depart except Nilakantha, Lakmé, and the two servitors.)

Scene III.

(The same, without the Chorus.)

Nilakantha.

(Tenderly.)

Lakmé! 't is you who here watch o'er us! [before us,
And if I dare to brave the hostile ranks
Of the triumphant enemy;
'T is that God pitying heeds
Thy childlike purity.

Lakmé.

When Brahma great, in pity tender,
Bruising flowers on his way,
Made earth and sky,
He let their honey lie,
And from that hope did render!

Nila. I now must leave you for a while.

Lak. What? so soon?

Nila. Be fearless,
In that pagoda peerless
That 's still allowed to stand,
Some are waiting my command.
The festival to-morrow calls me.

(To the servants.)

Stay you here with Lakmé.

Hadji. Together we 'll watch o'er her.

Mall. Beside her we will stay.

Nila. I shall back find my way
Before the close of day.

(Ensemble.)

Nila. Kind heaven will guard and keep me.

Lak. May heaven guard and keep you,

Mall. And lead me / you by the hand,

(Alla fine del canto sacro, Lacme appare sulla sogha della casa del bramano, e unisce la sua preghiera a quella degli indiani.)

Nilacanta.

(Agli indiani.)

Andate in pace e partendo dite
Al mattin le preci: v' oda Dio!

(Tutti escono meno che Nilacanta, Lacme, e si servi.)

Scene III.

Nilacanta.

Nilacanta. Lacme,
Sé tu che ci proteggi
E se sfidar oso
L' oste che ci preme
Con su' trionf' ed odî
É ch' in te 'l celo
Solo purezza vede.

Lacme. Quando 'n sua bontade Brama
Un fior rompendo, terra fé e ciel
Vi lasció il miel,
Che poi fu la speme.

Nilacanta. Or qui ti lascio per un poco.

Lacme. Lasciarmi!

Nilacanta. Non temer!
Nella pagoda santa, [tan Lacme
Da man non profanata, m' aspet-

(Ai servi.)

La festa di doman m' apella.
Con Lacme restate!

Aggi. La veglieremo!

Mallica. Guadarla é nostr' onore.

Nilacanta. In pace me n' andró,
Pria del fin del dí!

Lacme, Aggi e Mallica.
Che l' celo ti protegga,
Di te li passi meni!
Ch' ove 'l pié porrai
Nunca nemico 'ncontri!

Nilacanta. Che 'l celo mi protegga
Di me li passi meni

Hadji. And drive all foes away
my
That in path may stand.
your

(Nilakantha goes out, followed to the door by the others. Hadji re-enters the house.)

Scene IV.

Lakme, Mallika.

Lakme.

(Gayly; taking off some jewels and laying them on a stone table.)

Come, Malliká, the flowering vines
Their shadows now are throwing
Along the sacred stream,
That calmly here is flowing; [pines.
Enlivened by the songs of birds amid the

Mall. O mistress, dear! 'tis now —
When I behold you smiling,
In this blest hour, no cares beguiling,
That your oft-closed heart I may read,
Lakmé!

Ch' ove 'l pié poneró
Nunca nemico 'ncontri.

(Nilacantana.)

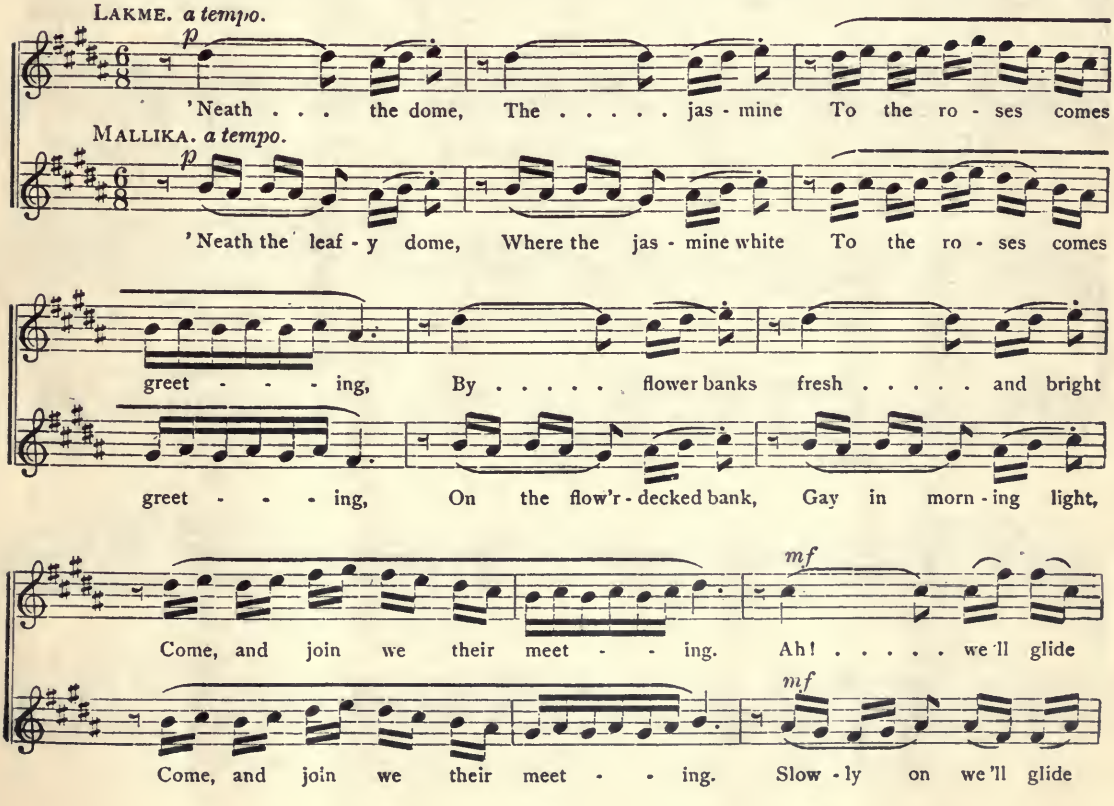
(Nilacantana s' allontana accompagnato alla porta da Lacme e i servi. Aggi entra nella casa.)

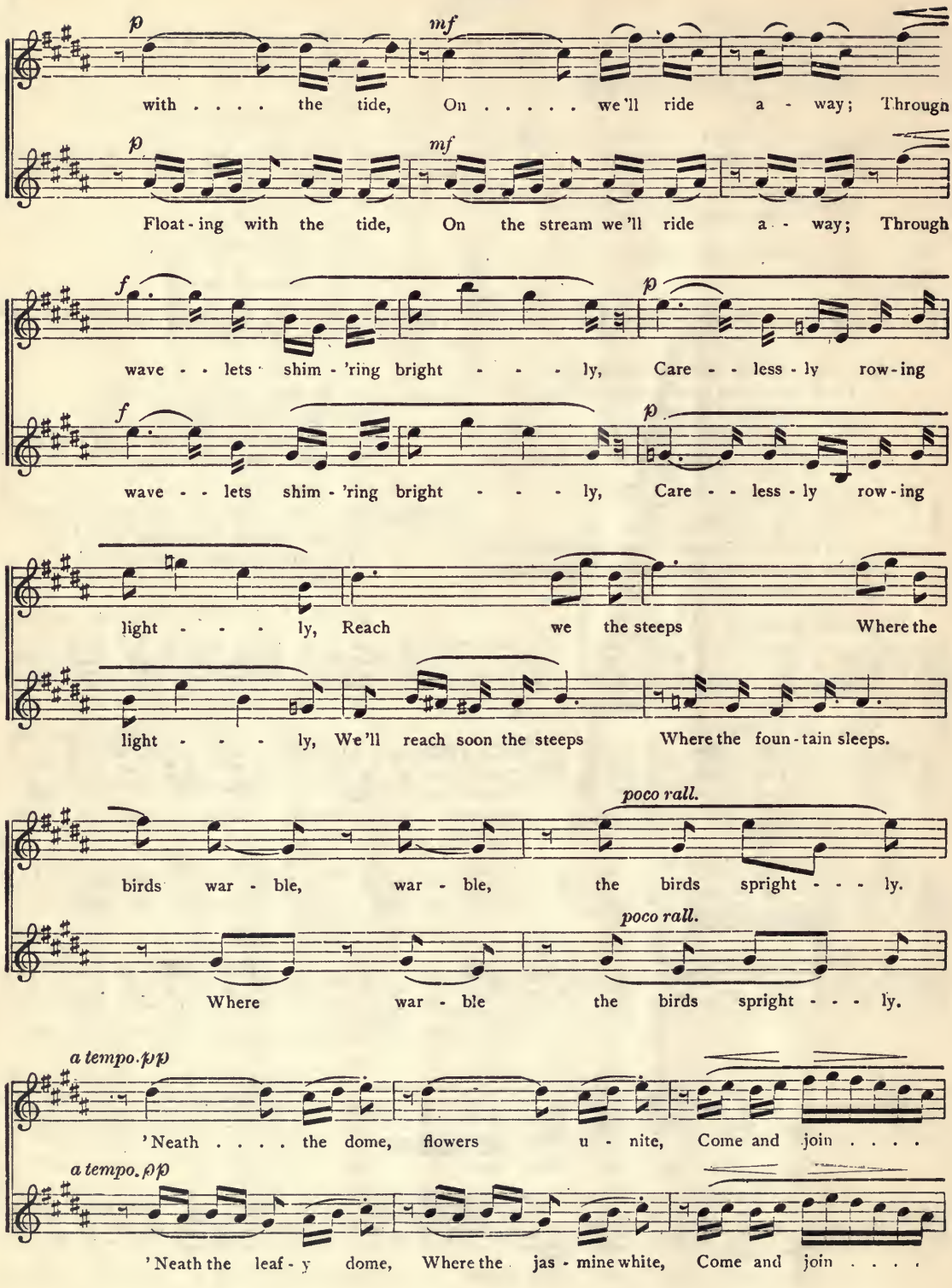
Scene IV.

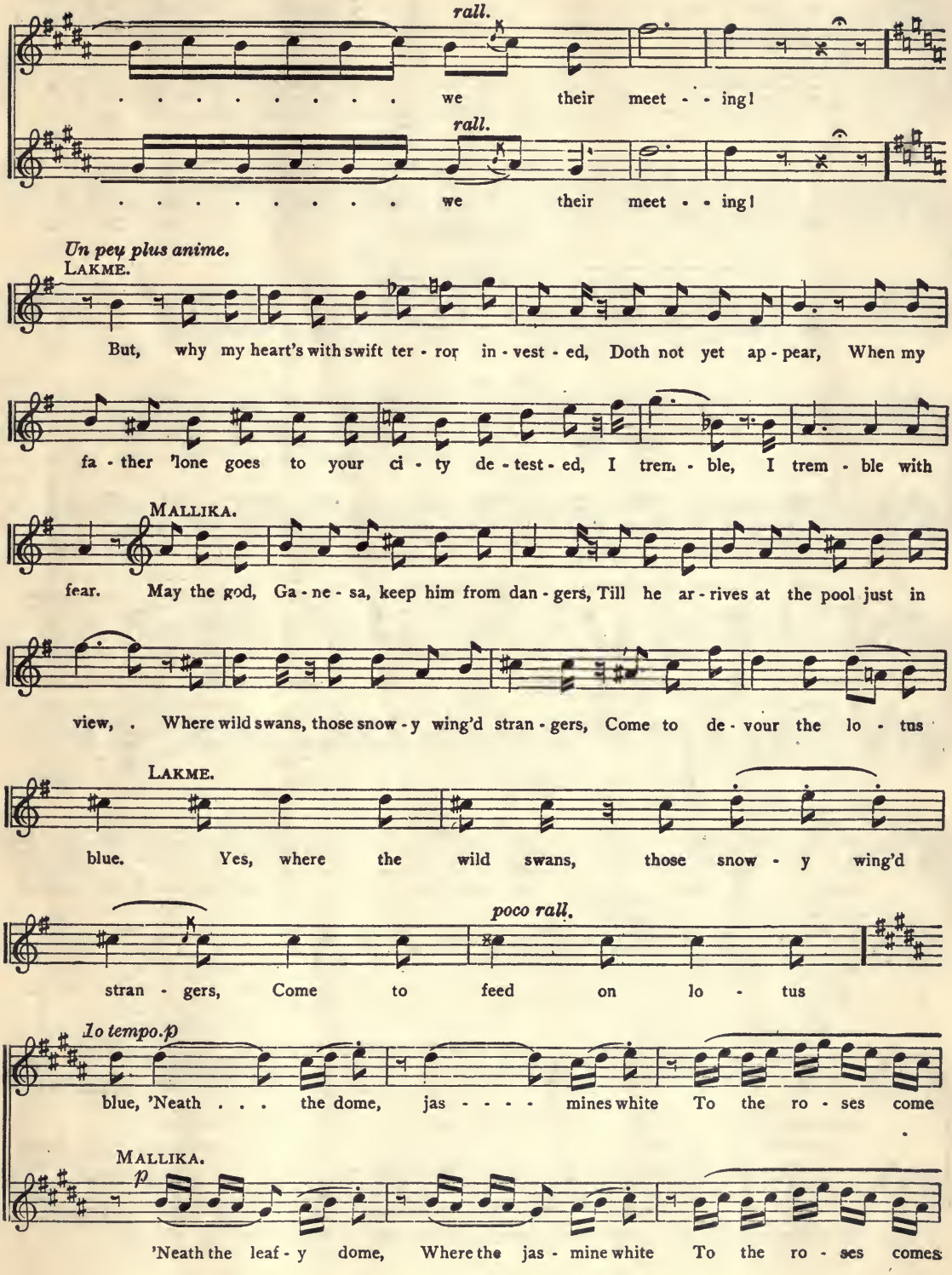
Lacme, Mallica.

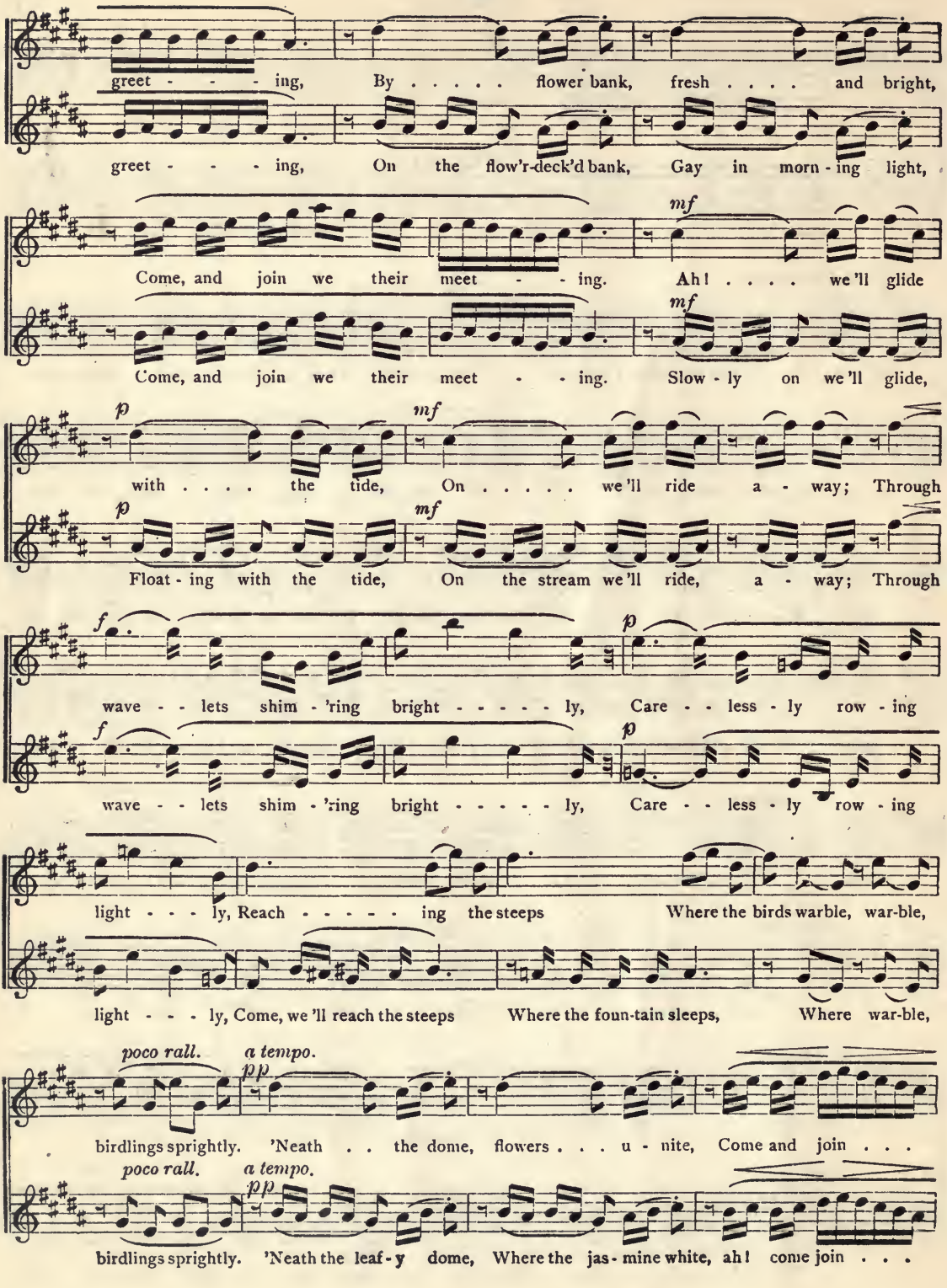
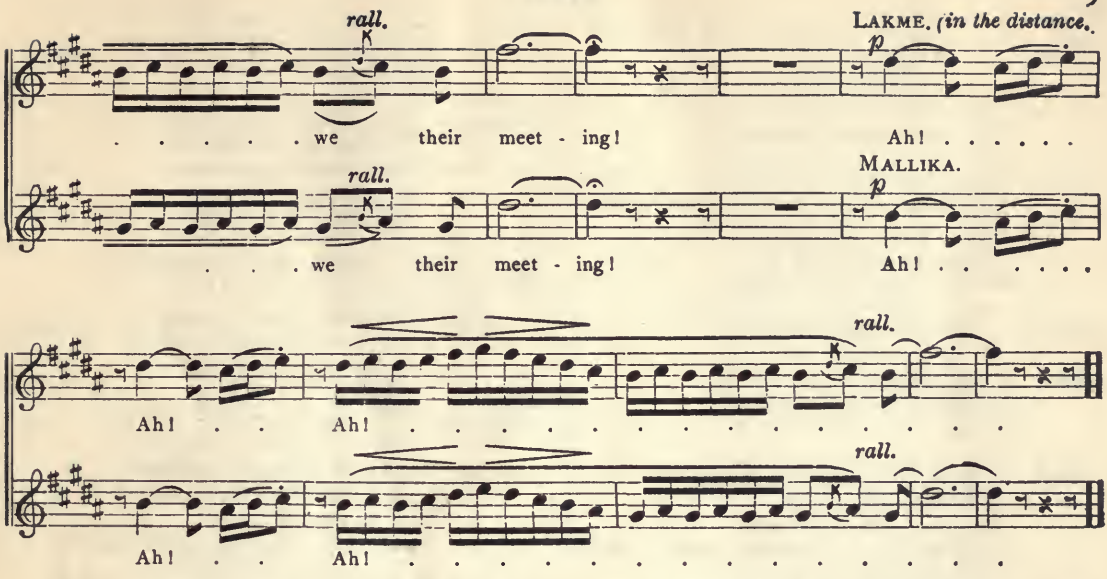
Lacme (dopo d' essersi tolta alcuni gioielli ed averli posti sopra una tavola di pietra).

Lacme. Vé Mallica son le viti 'n fior
E di sua ombra copron
Il sacra ruscel che calmo corr' e scuro,
Svegliato sol dal canto dell' uccelli.

Mallica. E l' ora, padrona, che sorrider suoli,
L' ora che di Lacme m' é dato
Legger 'l cor sempre serrato.
O Lacme!

LAKME. a tempo.
p
'Neath . . . the dome, The . . . . . jas - mine To the ro - ses comes
MALLIKA. a tempo.
p
'Neath the leaf - y dome, Where the jas - mine white To the ro - ses comes
greet - - - - ing, By . . . . . flower banks fresh . . . . . and bright
greet - - - - ing, On the flow'r - decked bank, Gay in morn - ing light,
mf
Come, and join we their meet - - ing. Ah! . . . . . we'll glide
mf
Come, and join we their meet - - ing. Slow - ly on we'll glide


p
mf
with . . . . the tide, On . . . . . we'll ride a - way; Through
p
mf
Float - ing with the tide, On the stream we'll ride a - way; Through
f
p
wave - - lets shim - 'ring bright - - - - ly, Care - - less - ly row - ing
f
p
wave - - lets shim - 'ring bright - - - - ly, Care - - less - ly row - ing
light - - - - ly, Reach we the steeps Where the
light - - - - ly, We'll reach soon the steeps Where the foun - tain sleeps.
poco rall.
birds war - ble, war - ble, the birds spright - - - ly.
poco rall.
Where war - ble the birds spright - - - ly.
a tempo. pp
'Neath . . . . the dome, flowers u - nite, Come and join . . . .
a tempo. pp
'Neath the leaf - y dome, Where the jas - mine white, Come and join . . . .


rall.
. . . . . we their meet - - ing!
rall.
. . . . . we their meet - - ing!
Un peu plus anime.
LAKME.
But, why my heart's with swift ter - ror in - vest - ed, Doth not yet ap - pear, When my
fa - ther 'lone goes to your ci - ty de - test - ed, I trem - ble, I trem - ble with
MALLIKA.
fear. May the god, Ga - ne - sa, keep him from dan - gers, Till he ar - rives at the pool just in
view, . Where wild swans, those snow - y wing'd stran - gers, Come to de - vour the lo - tus
LAKME.
blue. Yes, where the wild swans, those snow - y wing'd
poco rall.
stran - gers, Come to feed on lo - tus
Io tempo. p
blue, 'Neath . . . the dome, jas - - - - mines white To the ro - ses come
MALLIKA.
p
'Neath the leaf - y dome, Where the jas - mine white To the ro - ses comes


greet - - - - ing, By . . . . . flower bank, fresh . . . . and bright,
greet - - - - ing, On the flow'r-deck'd bank, Gay in morn - ing light,
mf
Come, and join we their meet - - ing. Ah! . . . . we'll glide
mf
Come, and join we their meet - - ing. Slow - ly on we'll glide,
p
with . . . . the tide, On . . . . . we'll ride a - way; Through
p
mf
Float - ing with the tide, On the stream we'll ride, a - way; Through
f
wave - - lets shim - 'ring bright - - - - - ly, Care - - less - ly row - ing
f
p
wave - - lets shim - 'ring bright - - - - - ly, Care - - less - ly row - ing
light - - - ly, Reach - - - - - ing the steeps Where the birds warble, war-ble,
light - - - ly, Come, we'll reach the steeps Where the foun-tain sleeps, Where war-ble,
poco rall.
a tempo.
pp
birdlings sprightly. 'Neath . . the dome, flowers . . . u - nite, Come and join . . .
poco rall.
a tempo.
pp
birdlings sprightly. 'Neath the leaf - y dome, Where the jas - mine white, ah! come join . . .

(During the latter measures Malliká has unfastened a little boat which was anchored among the reeds in the stream. Lakmé steps into it, followed by Malliká, who sits at the helm. The boat moves on, and their voices are lost in the distance.)

Scene V.

Enter Gerald, Frederic, Ellen, Rose, Mrs. Benson.

(Laughter heard outside the inclosure.)

Mrs. Benson. Miss Rose, Miss Ellen,
Respect this spot so sacred.

Ellen.

(Forcing aside the bamboos.)

A glance at least we 'll cast
Ere hence we homeward go.

Rose. The first step 's taken;
Let us within!

Gerald.

(Making Mrs. Benson enter.)

Mrs. Benson, I now see,
Will wildly adventurous grow.

Mrs. B. It 's not the thing to do.

Ger. Though, entertaining quite!

Fred. And it 's dangerous, too.

Ger. This it is oft' that tempts us.

Mrs. B. No! no! I scorn such dissipation—
'T is beneath our station!

(Durante gli ultimi versi del canto, Mallica stacca una barchetta ch' era ammarrata alle canne; Lacme vi monta, seguita di Mallica che prende i remo: la barca s' allontana e le loro voci si spengono nella lontananza.)

Scene V.

Entran Geraldo, Frederico, Elena, Rosa e Mrs. Bentson.

(S' ode ridere fuori della siepe.)

Mrs. Bentson. Miss Rosa, Miss Elena.
Rispettin loco sí sacro.

Elena.

(Apprendo i bambú.)

Un' occhiat' almen daremo
Pria ch' a casa torneremo.

Rosa. 'L passo primer é fatto;
Entriam!

Geraldo.

(Facendo entrare Mrs. Bentson.)

Mistress Bentson, Or veggo
Che divien azzardosa

Mrs. Bentson. Non si dovria fare.

Geraldo. Peró diverte molto!

Federico. Benché periglioso.

Geraldo. 'L periglio spess' é dolce.

Mrs. Bentson. No! non mi va tal dissipazion
La é sotto la nostra sfera!

Ellen.

(Picking flowers.)

These trees and flowers white
No menace dark enfold.

Fred. Their beauty do not trust, [ing,
For these flowers, now so lovely seem-
Daturas they are call'd.
They are dazzlingly fair,
While poison containing.

Mrs. B. This is a land of terror!

Ger. A land of fairies, I ween,
Where a mortal finds death
In each flower that 's seen.

Fred. O thou dreamer, that wanderest
In cloudland so high,
Knowest thou this spot,
And Brahma's symbol nigh?
'T is the pagoda fair,
Where they pray to Brahma —
The dwelling of Nilakantha!

Ellen, Rose and Mrs. B. Of Nilakantha!

Ger. Of Nilakantha? The Brahmin fanatic,
Who morn and evening counsels
That hate and vengeance govern?

Fred. He has made of his daughter
A goddess most high — [charmer.
Still more potent — she is a great
Who is hidden, they say, to eyes that are profane,
That seek her here in vain,
And her name is — Lakmé.

Ger. Lakmé!

(Concerted piece, quintet, and couplets.)

Ellen. When a woman is youthful and jolly,
She is wrong herself to hide;

Fred. But in this strange land all is folly,
By its rulings, yet, we must abide.

Ger. Like an idol deified ever,

Rose. Shut up by herself from the light;

Ger. Stirred up with humanity never,

Mrs. B. She 'd for me be a perfect fright.

Ellen. Every woman listens with pleasure
To the praises that men to her bring;

Fred. In Europe 't is so in a measure,
But here 't is a different thing!

Elena. St' arbor' e fior blanchi
Celan nessun periclo.

Federico. Di lor beltá non si fidi,
Ché sti fior, si bell' ora
Dature si domandano
É son molt' affascinanti,
Mentre celano veleno.

Mrs. Bentson. Che paese di terror!

Geraldo. Paese d' incanti, certo
Ov' i mortal morte trovan
In ogni fior che veggan.

Federico. Oh! tu che sognando ti perdi
Nelle nuvole si sublime,
Ignori forse che sto loco,
Al possente Brama é sacro?
É la pagoda bella
Dove la gente prega Brama —
La casa ni Nilacanta!

Elena, Rosa e Mrs. Bentson.
Di Nilacanta!

Geraldo. Di Nilacanta? 'l fanatico bramano,
Che man e sera va predicando
Ch' odio governan e vendetta?

Federico. Di sua figlia ne fece
Una deessa suprema —
E potente — incantatrice
Ell' é, nascost' á profani,
Che qui in van la cercano.
E su nom é — Lacme!

Geraldo. Lacme!

(Concerted piece, quintet and couplets.)

Elena. La donna che allegr' é e bella
Ha torto di nascondersi.

Federico. Ma 'n sta terra tutt' é pazzia,
Argomenti non valgon nulla!

Geraldo. Idol, ell' é — che tutt' adoran!

Rosa. Sí ben chius' e con sí gran zelo!

Geraldo. Ser umana' ella non vuole!

Mrs. Bentson. S' é cosi, deve ser un mostro!

Elena. Eppur la donn' ama la corte;
Accetta checché le si porga.

Federico. In Europa si, ver sará,
Ma qui, é differente.

(Ensemble.)

Ellen. Ah! adepts in plans æsthetic,

Rose. Loving changes and brilliant show;

Mrs. B. Lay aside all your dreams poetic,

Ger. Let us reason with calmness now.

Fred. I hate all systems æsthetic,
And say and think what all know;
Without a fancy poetic,
I see only what the facts show.

Ellen. Well, women are like in all places.

Rose. And happily so.

Mrs. B. All women are like the world over.

Ger. Yes, women are like the world over.

Fred. They 're not quite alike the world over,
As surely will find every lover.

Ellen. Should we seek them for footprints gracious,
In these calm, mysterious abodes?

Fred. Oh! no, 't would be something audacious,
And a bustle 't would make 'mong their gods.

Rose.

(Jestingly.)

Then has she divine grace within her?

Fred. Well, I think so; though I 'm but a sinner.

Ger.

(Jestingly.)

Must we live, then, on bended knee?

Mrs. B.

(Ironically.)

Say she 's better by far than we!

Fred. I 'll speak not in such foolish fashion,
But 'neath this hot sky aflame,
The women here, burning with passion
As our own, are not quite the same.
Their peculiar virtue needs some outward show,
Tho' love engrossed, they neither love nor contract know.
'T is not love, in our fine, coquettish manner,
Not a state of warm, gentle sentiment,
That often ends in moral sweet content.
No, their hearts are full while love is warm;
Life, for them, is knowing how to charm.
Living, is to charm.

Geraldo, Rosa e Mrs. Bentson.
Oh! i bei sistemi!
Del novo sempre 'n cerca,

Da parte li romanzi,
Ragionam freddamente.
Pertutt' é la donn' eguale.
Per fortuna!

Federico. I sistemi tutti abborro
Osservo solamente
E senza far poemi
Le donne mutan certo
E non son sempre le stesse
Per fortuna!

Elena. Perché non cercar su traccie?
Vagam in sto loco misterioso.

Federico. Tant' ardir faria paura
Agli dêi in su' dimora.

Rosa.

(Con ironia.)

La vostra grazia é su' parte.

Federico.

(In buon umore.)

Forse; ma con prudenza parli.

Geraldo.

(Con ironia.)

Dovrem, fors' a lei prosternarci.

Mrs. Bentson.

(Con ironia.)

Dica ch' ell' é miglior di noi!

Federico. Dar non vorria opinion si assurda
Ma, sotta sta volta di foco,
Le donne che 'l sol imbruna,
Son altre che le nostrane
Lor virtú strana sempr' é semplicitá,
Lor amor né legge né patto verrá!
É amor ch' art' e vezzi non prendran,
Né incanto che rende 'l cor beato,
Che con fin debita' e moral finisce.
No! l' ardente diletto l' impazzisce
E per esse viver é sol amare
Si, amar é lor vita!

Ellen. Such women we should call ideal,
Who charm all instantaneously;
And we seem commonplace and real
Who pleasing otherwise may be.
We 're subdued, with less of brilliant noise and light; [fight.
'Gainst surprises sudden we let reason
But they 've not, you know, your fine enchantresses, [first declared.
Felt the sweet dismay when love is
Nor the pleasures, or the distresses,
Or the bliss, when one's dreams are shared.
Those celestial beauties know how hearts to move.
With more modest feeling, we know how to love.

Fred. Not to compare tends what I 'm saying.

Ellen, Rose and Mrs. B.
'T is but his wit that leads him straying.

Ger. He deals with facts, we plainly see.

Fred. I say it as reported to me.

Ellen, Rose and Mrs. B.
With, perhaps, too much simplicity.

Ger. Or it may be sheer credulity.

(Ensemble.)

Ah! adepts in plans æsthetic, etc.

Fred. A sacrilege we 're here committing
A Hindoo will ne'er forgive!

Ger. What need a soldier care?

Fred. The hour will come —
So will death!
A darksome snare 's awaiting.

Mrs. B. Let 's go! Let 's go!

Rose.

(Perceiving jewels.)

See! lovely jewels!

Mrs. B. Follow me!

Ellen. I ne'er have seen their like:
Let me on them gaze.

Mrs. B. No, no.

Ellen. What a pity!

Ger. Well, then,
I will take their design.

Ellen. And stay here all alone?

Elena. Tal son le donne dett' ideali
Ch' incantan subito, sin dimora;
Devremo ser volgar' e reali.
Piacer cercando in altro modo.
Siam conquiste
Con meno mostra e splendore
E guardarci da' sorprese
Ben sappiamo.
Ma non han le vostre bell' incantatrici
Le dolci delizie de' primi baci,
I tremor, i ratti felici
Ch' in due si sognan! Oh taci
Ste beltá celesti
Sapran incantar
Ma noi piú modeste
Sappiam amar.

Federico. Non comparo, so 'l Galatéo.

Elena e Rosa. Di suo cervel é in balia.

Geraldo.

(Ridendo.)

L' innocente Federico!

Federico. Quel che m' han detto, ridico.

(Ensemble.)

Oh? i bei sistemi?

Federico. Un sacrilegio commettiamo
Dall' indiano nunca perdonato!

Geraldo. Che tema fia 'l soldato?

Federico. L' ora verrá —
Si la morte pur!
Perigli ci aspettan.

Mrs. Bentson. Andiam! Andiam!

Rosa.

(Vedendo i gioielli.)

Oh! che belle gioie!

Mrs. Bentson. Seguitemi!

Elena. Nunca vidi de' si belle:
Guardarle mi lasci.

Mrs. Bentson. No! no!

Elena. Che peccato!

Geraldo. Ebben
Ne prendró 'l disegno.

Elena. E star qui tutto solo?

Ger. These you shall wear
When wedding bells are gayly chiming.

Ellen. But think: danger here is dwelling.

Ger. No!

Fred. You 're quite rash, I vow.

Ger. Nonsense!

Fred. A thankless task he has,
That oft' the truth is telling!

Scene VI.

(Gerald alone, preparing to sketch.)

Air.

Ger. Taking the design of a jewel,— is that so serious an action? Ah! Frederic is mad!

(He moves toward the jewels, then stops.)

But whence comes then, this foolish forewarning of danger; what supernatural fancy has disturbed my reflections, amid these calm and solemn shades?

(Becoming animated.)

Daughter of my caprices, the unknown stands before my sight; her voice plain to my hearing, utters this one mysterious word,. No! no!

Geraldo. Queste porterai
Il dí di nostr' unione.

Elena. Pensa; qui v' é periglio.

Geraldo. Nessun!

Federico. Che temerario sei!

Geraldo. Che! nulla!

Federico. Ah! l' inutil carco,
Che spesso la verdade dice!

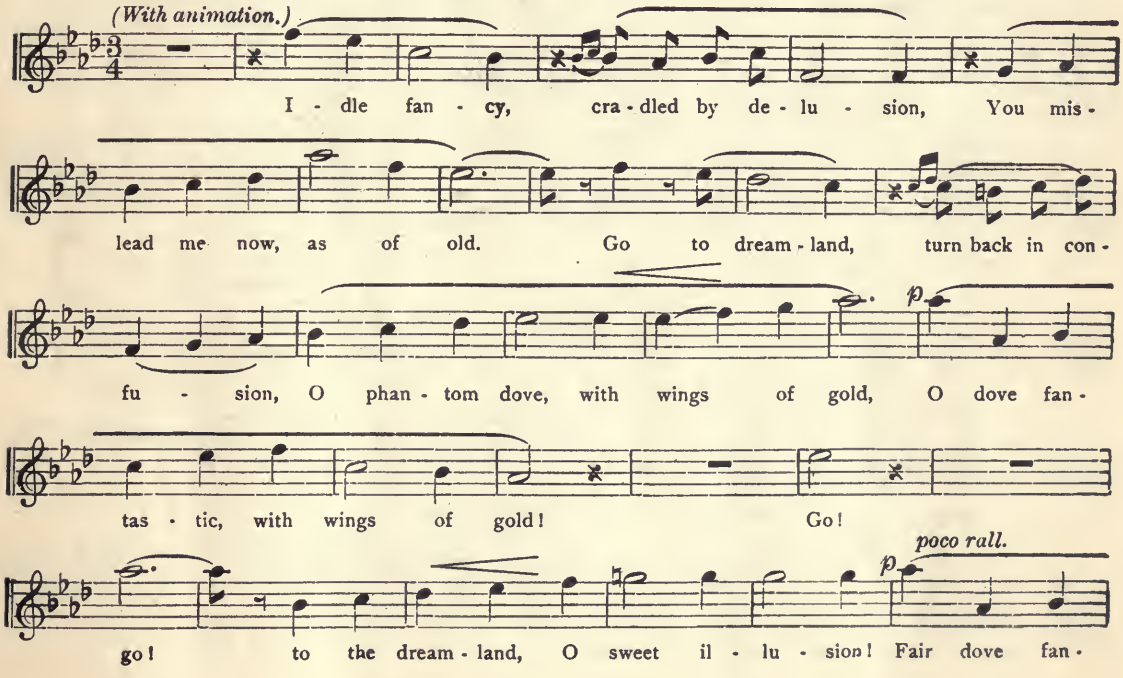
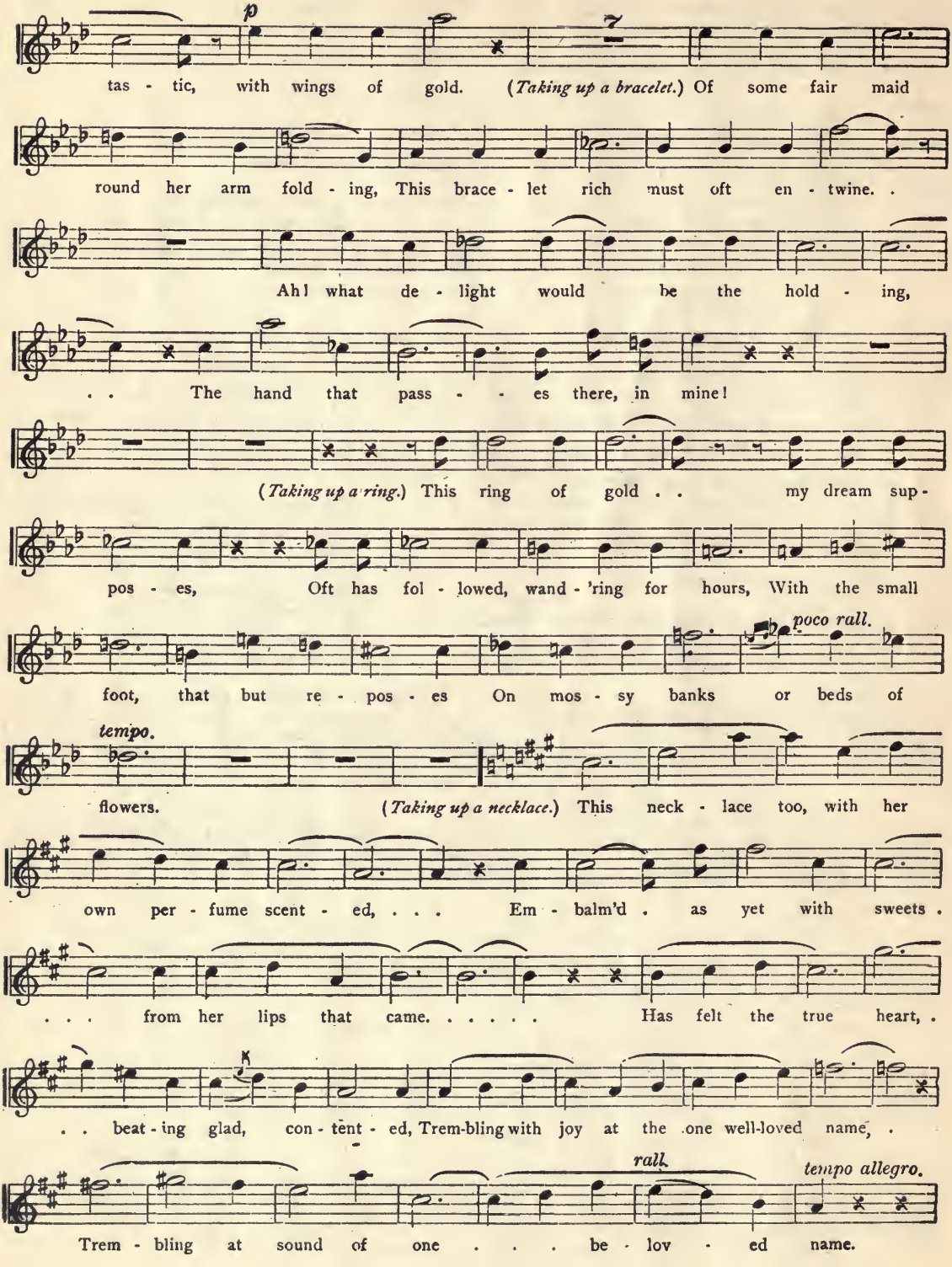
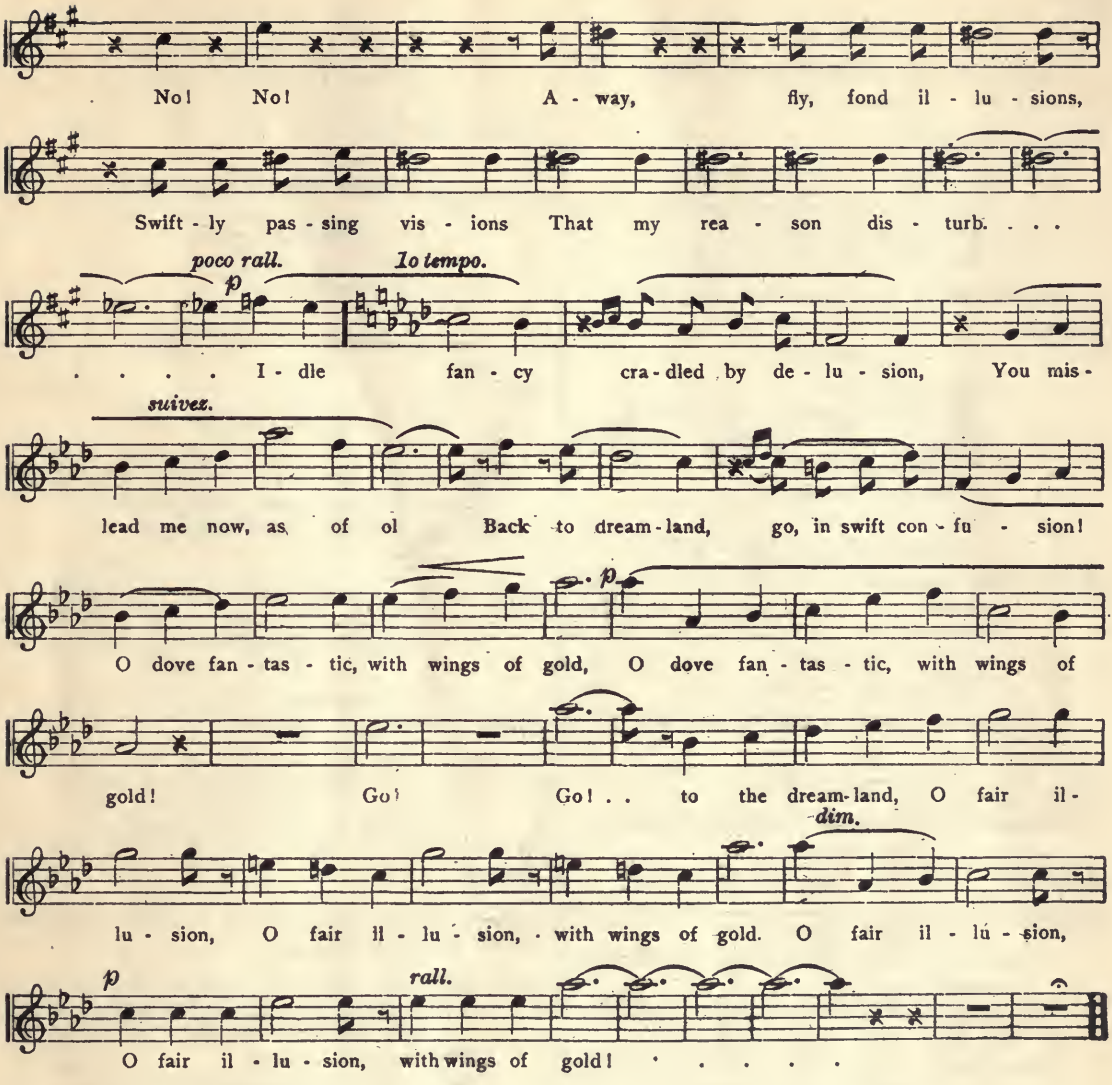
(Tutti escono, eccetto Geraldo. Geraldo solo, tirando fuori utensili per disegnare.)

Scene VI.

Geraldo.

Geraldo. Perle disegnar domando.
É poi si grave? É pazzo, Federico!

(Si dirigge verso de' gioielli, poi si ferma.)

Ma donde, donde sto timor insensato,
Che sentir sovrannatural
Vien 'l cor turbarmi?
Con sta calma solenn e profonda!
Figlia dell' estro mio,
Un' incognita mi si mostra,
Nell' aure mio sussurra
Motti di mistero.

(With animation.)
I - dle fan - cy, cra - dled by de - lu - sion, You mis -
lead me now, as of old. Go to dream - land, turn back in con -
fu - sion, O phan - tom dove, with wings of gold, O dove fan -
tas - tic, with wings of gold! Go!
poco rall.
go! to the dream - land, O sweet il - lu - sion! Fair dove fan -

p
tas - tic, with wings of gold. (Taking up a bracelet.) Of some fair maid
round her arm fold - ing, This brace - let rich must oft en - twine. .
Ah! what de - light would be the hold - ing,
. . The hand that pass - - es there, in mine!
(Taking up a ring.) This ring of gold . . my dream sup -
pos - es, Oft has fol - lowed, wand - 'ring for hours, With the small
poco rall.
foot, that but re - pos - es On mos - sy banks or beds of
tempo.
flowers. (Taking up a necklace.) This neck - lace too, with her
own per - fume scent - ed, . . . Em - balm'd . as yet with sweets .
. . . from her lips that came. . . . . Has felt the true heart, .
. . beat - ing glad, con - tent - ed, Trem-bling with joy at the one well-loved name, .
rall.
tempo allegro.
Trem - bling at sound of one . . . be - lov - ed name.

No! No! A - way, fly, fond il - lu - sions,
Swift - ly pas - sing vis - ions That my rea - son dis - turb. . . .
poco rall.
p
Io tempo.
. . . . I - dle fan - cy cra - dled by de - lu - sion, You mis -
suivez.
lead me now, as of ol Back to dream - land, go, in swift con - fu - sion!
p
O dove fan - tas - tic, with wings of gold, O dove fan - tas - tic, with wings of
gold! Go! Go! . . to the dream - land, O fair il -
dim.
lu - sion, O fair il - lu - sion, with wings of gold. O fair il - lu - sion,
p
rall.
O fair il - lu - sion, with wings of gold! . . . . .

(Renounces his intention of sketching.)

Well, no! I'll not touch those jewels again. It would be for me a sort of profanation. Lakmé, she calls herself Lakmé!

(He is about to leave when he hears the voice of Lakmé from the boat.)

'T is she! with her hands filled with flowers. 'T is she!

(He hides himself in a thicket of shrubbery.)

(Cessa di lavorare.)

Geraldo. No! non profanerá mia mano
Ste cose pure:
Nulla qui toccheró.
No! profanar saria!
Lacme! che dolce nome!—
Che novi soni od' io?
Ch' é st' incanto
Come dolci note?
É dessa!
É Lacme con fior nelle mani.
É dessa!

(Si nasconde dietro alcuni cespugli.)

Scene VII.

Gerald, (concealed); then Lakme, Mallika.

Lakmé and Malliká.

(Standing before the statue Ganesá.)

O thou who watchest o'er us,
From our foes before us
Keep us unharmed we pray.

(They place the flowers at the feet of the idol.)

Lakmé.

(To Malliká.)

And briefly now,
In the stream cool and flowing,
Which o'er the golden sand doth murmur,
Heedless going,
Of an overpowering sun,
Come and brave the hot rays!

Mall. The moment, now, will find advantageous,
Where the the dense forest trees spread o'er the mossy bank,
A shelter cool, umbrageous!

(She quickly disappears among the trees.)

Scene VIII.

Recitative and Stanzas. Lakme, Gerald (concealed.)

Lakmé.

(Having laid aside her mantle is about to follow her, but stops thoughtfully.)

But I feel in my heart sudden movements confused!
The flowers are more fair to me seeming,
The sky is more splendid in hue;
The wood with new bird-songs is teeming,
Sweeter kisses the wind never blew.
What 's the perfume here that excites me,
And to new life now invites me!
But why?
Ah! why in these grand woods
Love I to roam and creep,
Is it to weep?
Why is my heart so saddened
At voices of ring-doves calling,
At sight of flowerets fading,
Or of brown leaflets falling?
And yet these tears have charms for me,
E'en though I sigh.
And I feel that I still am happy,
But why?
Why seek a sense to find

Scene VII.

Entra Lacme e Mallica.

Lacme e Mallica.

(Dinnanzi la statua di Ganessa.)

O tu che ci proteggi,
Guardaci de' perigli,
De persecuto i!

(Pongon fiori ai pié dell' idolo.)

Lacme.

(A Mallica.)

Ed ora in questa bell' onda trasparente,
Che, sulla fresc' arena corre indolente.
Del sol ardente vien sfidar l'ardor.

Mallica. Si, profittam dell' ora opportuna
Che l'arbori verdì [tettrice.
Sulla riva spandon un' ombra pro-

(Disparisce svelta dietro gli alberi.)

Scene VIII.

Lacme, e Geraldo nascosto.

Lacme.

[Apre il mantello che la copre, poi al momento di seguire Mallica, si ferma pensosa.]

Ma sento 'n mio cor rumori confusi
I fiori mi paron piú risplendenti,
I boschi han canti novelli
Piú suave é il vento
No, non so che parfumo m' inebra.
Tutto qui principia a viver.
Perché amo né gran boschi irme a perder
Per pianger? [colomba,
Perché sono trista pel canto d' una
Per un fior svanito, una foglia che cada?
Eppur ste lacrime sono per me care
Mi sento felice! — Perché?
Perché vagar cosi
Né boschi, tutt' i di.
Perché planger cosi
Perché 'l canto m' attrista dell' avi
E 'l cor di sospiri m' opprime;
Come fior che passisca
O fronda che a terra cada?
Pur dolci son ste lacrime,

In the stream's murm'ring flow
'Mong the reeds below?
Whence are all these sweet delights,
While thro' space comes the feeling,
Like a breath half divine,
Leaving balm, then on-stealing? [defy,
My lips, at times, with smiles with sadness
And I feel I am happy,
But why?

Scene IX.

Lakme, Mallika, Hadji; then Gerald.

Lakmé.

(Perceiving Gerald, and with loud cry.)

Ah, Malliká!

Malliká.

(Running back to her.)

Lakmé! are you threatened with danger?

Lakmé.

(Conquering her emotion.)

Ah, no.

(Hadji runs in.)

I was deceived. Trifles frighten me to-day; my father does not come, though the time is past already! Go, both, in search of him. Away!

(Malliká and Hadji depart, looking at her with astonishment.)

Scene X.

Duo, Lakme, Gerald.

(So soon as the servants are gone, Lakmé walks straight up to Gerald, who has taken a step towards her, and gazes upon her with ravishment.)

Lakmé.

(Angrily.)

Whence come you? What want you? Your rash boldness to punish,
They should have killed you here at sight!
I blush, ashamed of my fright!
To no one here shall it be said
That a footstep barbarian has soiled by its presence the domain consecrated where hides my father! Now go! and ever forget what your eyes here have seen. Depart! I 'm the child of the gods!

Gerald.

(Warmly.)

How forget I saw you standing
There, erect, with eyes expanding,

Benché triste sian
Mentr' è l' cor allegro
Pur sospirando
Sono contenta,
Perché?
Perché cercar un senso nel son del rio
Tra le canne?
Perché sta volluttá nell' aer sent 'io,
Com' un soffio divo che mi perfuma e passa?
Spesso le labbra sorriser ignot' a me,
Mi sento felice!—Perché?

Scene IX.

Vede Geraldo e grida.

Ah! Mallica!

Entrano Mallica ed Aggi.

Mallica. Che periclo ti compassa?

Lacme.

(Vincendo l'emozione.)

Nessun!—Errai!—Tutt 'oggi mi spaventa
Non vien mio padre.—Eppur l'ora passa—
Ite 'ntrambi ver lui!

(Mallica ed Aggi escono guardandolo astoniti.)

Scene X.

(Subi to che i servi sono partiti, Lacme va stretta da Geraldo che sta contemplandola con trasposto.)

Lacme.

(Inquieta.)

Donde vieni? Che cerchi?
Per punir 'l tu attento,
Qui t' avrian morto pria d' or
Rossisco del mi' spavento,
Non vo' che si conosca [venga
Che d' un barbaro 'l pié profanato
La dimora sacra che mio padre cela
Oblia quello che qui ti si rivela
Vattene! son figlia de' Dei!

Geraldo. Scordar che t' ho vista
Alzarti si trista

In a posture of command!
Trembling, with your anger lowering;
Stern, unyielding, overpowering,
With that childlike gaze, so grand!

Lak. So boldly; never has another,
If Hindoo, or e'en my brother,
Dared address such speech to me,
And the gods still watching o'er me;
Will chastise your sin before me,
Now depart, away, quickly flee!

Ger. How forget I saw you standing
There, with simple grace commanding,
And that penetrating charm!
Go, forget, are you decreeing,
When I feel my very being
Hangs upon your lip so warm?

Lakmé.

(Aside and softened.)

Doubtless you had no suspicion
Of the danger you incur;
Now depart, with quick decision,
Or meet death, which no power can deter.

Gerald.

(Without moving.)

Let me stay and on thee gaze.

Lakmé.

(Aside.)

Why should this rash meeting,
Set my heart thus beating
In a wild alarm?
'T is for me, though he knows I hate him;
To behold me, here he stays,
Braving death by his delays! [me;
Strong the force is that draws him towards
Nothing doth affright him!

(To Gerald.)

Whence to you comes that superhuman courage?
What god is that who lends you aid?

Gerald. What god?

Con gesto trionfante?
In ira furiosa
Immobil, minacciante
Con quello sguardo d' infante?

Lacme. Nunca né 'l piú ardito
Né un mio paesano,
Cosi parlar oseria.
Il Dio che mi protegge,
Ti punirá per sta falta.
Vattene! Fuora di qui!

Geraldo. Scordar che ti ho vista
E la grazia 'ngenua
E l' incanto penetrante
Preghi che ti dimentichi
Io cui la vita sta
Di te alle labbra appesa?

Lacme.

(Un poco raddolcita).

Non sai tu, senza fallo,
Che rischio corri! Or segui 'l tu 'camin,
É la morte donde nulla potriati salvar.
Vattene!

Geraldo.

(Senza muoversi.)

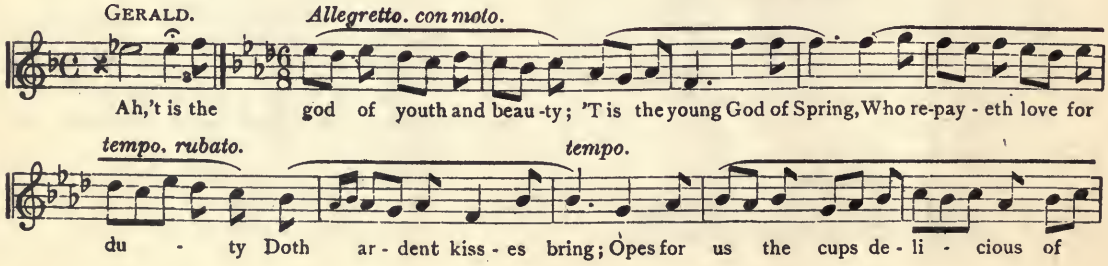
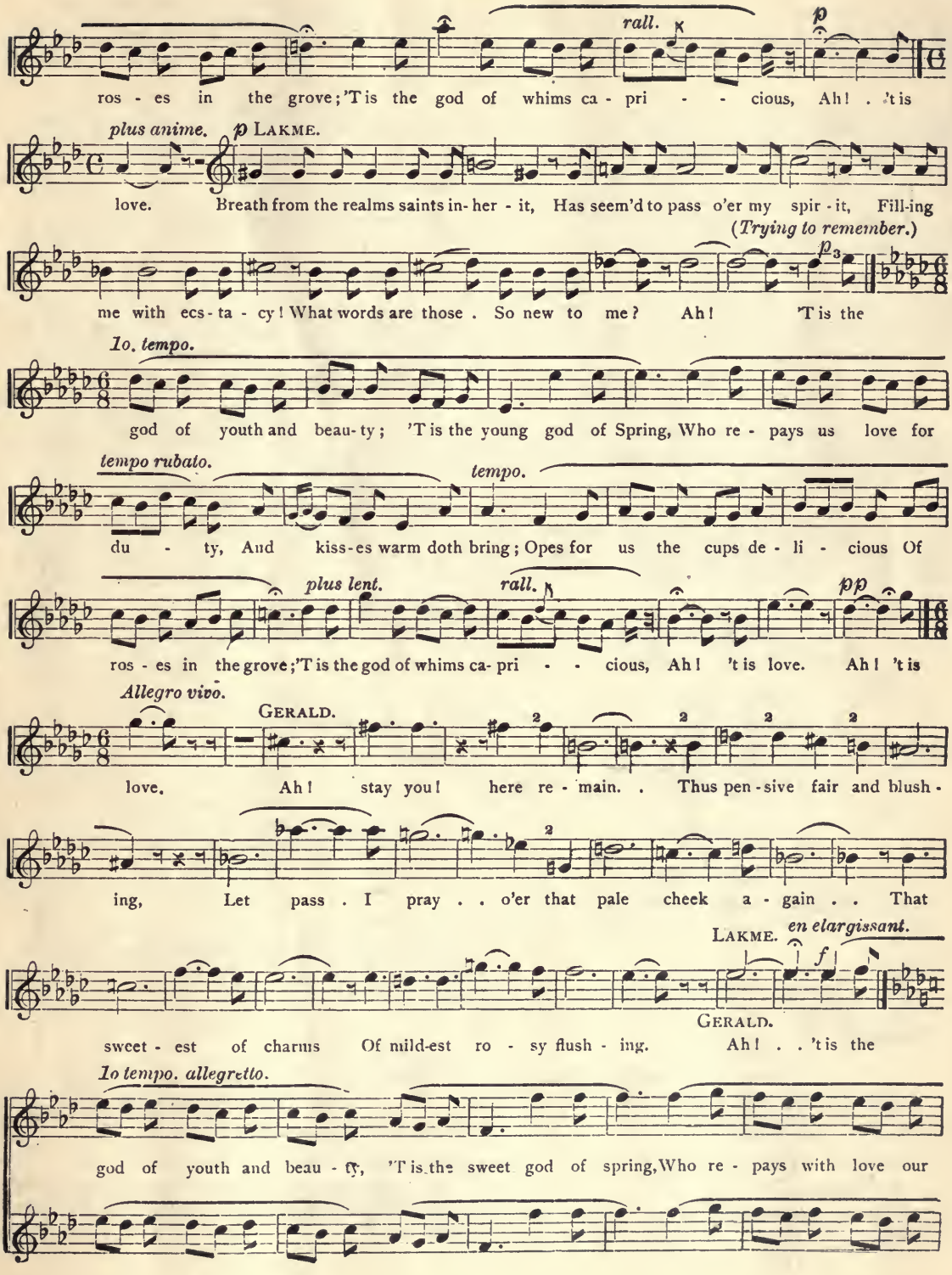
Lasciami guardarti.

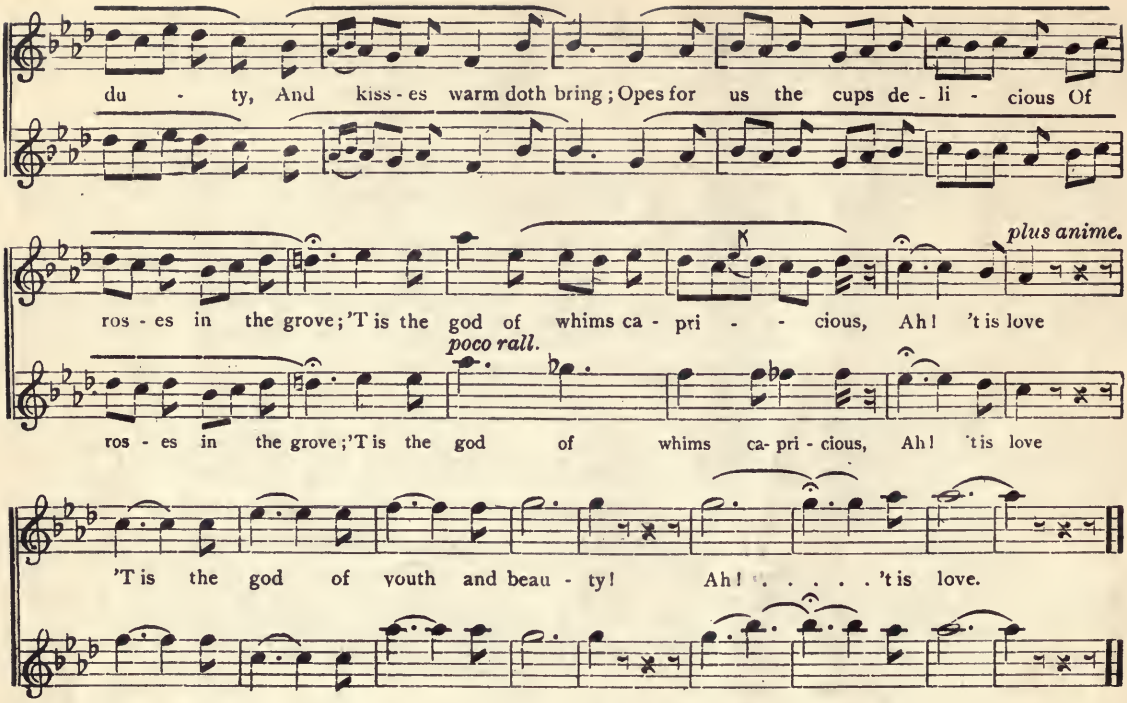
Lacme.

(A parte.)

Per me 'l cui odio sa
E per verderm 'un instante
E' sfida la morte stessa?
Che forza a me l' attira?
Nulla lo spaventa?

(A Geraldo.)

Chi ti dié
St' audacia sovrumana?
Qual dio ti sostiene?

GERALD.
Allegretto. con moto.
Ah,'t is the god of youth and beau-ty; 'T is the young God of Spring, Who re-pay-eth love for
tempo. rubato.
tempo.
du - ty Doth ar-dent kiss-es bring; Opes for us the cups de-li-cious of

rall.
p
ros - es in the grove; 'T is the god of whims ca - pri - - cious, Ah! . 't is
plus anime.
p LAKME.
love. Breath from the realms saints in- her - it, Has seem'd to pass o'er my spir - it, Fill-ing
(Trying to remember.)
p
me with ecs - ta - cy! What words are those . So new to me? Ah! 'T is the
1o. tempo.
god of youth and beau- ty; 'T is the young god of Spring, Who re - pays us love for
tempo rubato.
tempo.
du - ty, And kiss-es warm doth bring; Opes for us the cups de - li - cious Of
plus lent.
rall.
pp
ros - es in the grove; 'T is the god of whims ca- pri - - cious, Ah! 't is love. Ah! 't is
Allegro vivo.
GERALD.
love. Ah! stay you! here re - main. . Thus pen - sive fair and blush -
ing, Let pass . I pray . . o'er that pale cheek a - gain . . That
LAKME.
en elargissant.
f
GERALD.
sweet - est of charms Of mild-est ro - sy flush - ing. Ah! . . 't is the
1o tempo. allegretto.
god of youth and beau - ty, 'T is the sweet god of spring, Who re - pays with love our


du - ty, And kiss - es warm doth bring; Opes for us the cups de - li - cious Of
plus anime.
ros - es in the grove; 'T is the god of whims ca - pri - - cious, Ah! 't is love
poco rall.
ros - es in the grove; 'T is the god of whims ca- pri - cious, Ah! 't is love
'T is the god of youth and beau - ty! Ah! . . . . . 't is love.

Lakmé.

(With a loud cry.)

Great heaven! Behold, my father! Fly,

(Beseechingly.)

for my sake, fly!

Gerald.

(Departing.)

No, I'll ne'er forget thee, O vision fair!

(Goes quickly out.)

Scene XI.

Lakmé, Nilakantha, Hadji; then Hindoos. (Gerald is gone, when the Brahmin, guided by Hadji, appears at the door.

Hadji.

(Showing the broken enclosure.)

Come here!

Nilakantha.

(Indignantly.)

Here, in my dwelling, the profane one has defiled my home!

Lakmé. I die of fright!

Nilakantha. The foe must die! Ah! Vengeance!

(The Hindoos, entering, join the cry. Lakmé remains terrified.)

[End of Act I.]

Lacme.

(Emettendo un grido.)

Gran Dio! Papá Fuggi!

(Supplicandolo.)

Per pietá di me!

Geraldo.

(Sortendo.)

Non ti dimenticheró piu,
dolce vision.

(Sorte.)

Scene XI.

(Entrano Nilacanta, Aggi, poi degli Indiani. Geraldo é sortito quando il bramano, guidato da Aggi, appare alla porta.)

Aggi.

(Mostrando la siepe rotta).

Ecco, lá lá!

Nilacanta. In casa mia?
Un profan entrato da me!

Lacme. Mi moro di spavento!

Nilacanta. Vendetta! Si morir deve!

(Gli Indiani che entrarono depo il Bramano, ripetono il suo grido di vendetta, mentre che Lacme resta tutta spaventata.)

[End of Act I.]

SECOND ACT.

A public square. Numerous Indian and Chinese shops, bazaars, displays of rugs, stuffs, etc. An awning of a café or confectionery shop, divans, and two low bamboo chairs; little tables, encrusted with pearl. In the background, a grand pagoda. Time, near noon; the market hour.

(Chorus and market scene.)

Scene I.

Promenaders, merchants, sailors, a soothsayer, a Chinaman, a sepoy. At the rising of the curtain, dealers in stuffs, jewels, and fruits call out to the promenaders who are come to the festival.

(Rose, Mrs. Benson, Frederic, and others.)

Chorus. Come in before the noon bell ringeth;
We sell no more, but freely give you;
We give away, and do n't deceive you.
So come, the market soon will close,
And we shall all repose.

Hindoos.

(1st group.)

Look and see these slippers easy,
These gay kerchiefs, wondrous dyes.

Chinese.

(2nd group.)

Here are cakes, quite sure to please ye,
And as tempting to the eyes.

Fruiterers.

(3d group.)

See these golden, ripe bananas,
Leaves of betel, fresh and strong;
Braided mats of green lianas,
Taste, they will your lives prolong.

Sailors.

(Rapping on a table.)

Come help us quick, you believers,
Sons of Brahma, come along.

Scene II.

(The same. Mrs. Benson; then Rose and Fred.)

Mrs. Benson.

(Lost in the crowd.)

These selfish lovers,
These careless rovers,
Talk love from morn till night,
And of me they quite lose sight.

Una piazza pubblica.—Varie botteghe cinesi e indiane de' bazar, casotti di stoffe.—A dritta la tenta d'una casa d confetteria, con divani e sedie di bambú intorno alle piccol tavole incrostate con madreperla.—Nel fondo una grand pagoda. Passantie, Mercanti, Marinari, Un Dombeno, u cinese e un Sepoi.

Scene I.

(All' alzarsi del sipario i mercanti di frutta, gioie, ecc. chiaman i passanti venuti alla festa.)

Coro. Venite, pria 'l mezzodi soni
Venite, non si vende piú, si dá,
Noi non inganniamo mai,
Venite 'l mercato sta per finir.
Presto ché ognuno sta per partir.

Primo Gruppo, Mercanti indiani.
Vedete che ciavatte.
Vedete che fazzoletti!

Secondo Gruppo, Cinesi.
Dolci squisiti al palato
E sorprendent' alla vista!

Terzo Gruppo, Mercanti di frutta.
O che be' banani freschi
O che foglie di betel,
O che stuoie di viti,
O che favi di miel!

Quarto Gruppo, Marinari.
I profani servireste
Figli di Brama, re del cel!

Scene II.

(Entra Mrs. Benston, poi Federica e Rosa.)

Mrs. Bentson.

(Perduta nella foll.)

Quest' egoisti
Poco formalisti
Parlon de' lor amor
E mi perdon sempre!

A Soothsayer.

(To Mrs. Benson.)

My lady, I 'll your fortune tell you.

Mrs. B. Let me pass, or I 'll compel you.

Chinaman. Look here! jewels gold are these.

Mrs. B. Go off; me you greatly tease!

Sepoy.

(Steals her watch.)

In peace leave madam; you treat her poorly.

Mrs. B. Thank you, sir. He robs me surely.

(Aside.)

Soothsayer. In your hand pray let me read
What good luck you 'll reach; take heed.

Mrs. B. But, sir, leave me tranquil only.

Chinaman. This new elixir health restores,
And women beauteous makes by scores.

Mrs. B. Thank you, sir; no use, I tell you.

Bohemian.

(Steals her handkerchief.)

Each takes his share!

Chinaman. One word me spare.

Soothsayer. To me speak fair.

Mrs. B.

(Enraged.)

I 'm governess — take notice — of the gov'nor's young daughter here!

Fred.

(Running in.)

Mrs. Benson! Mad, 't is clear.

Rose.

(Running in.)

Mistress Benson, dear. What is here?

Mrs. B. They insult me grossly.

Chorus.

(As if nothing had happened.)

Come in before the noon bell ringeth, etc.

Fred. and Rose.

Though afraid, must you speak crossly
What these honest men may hear?

Un Dombeno. Signora, la buona sorte?

Mrs. Bentson. Lasciatemi, vi prego!

Un Mercante. Vegga che monili d' oro!

Mrs. Bentson. Signori, i miei nervi!

Un Sepoi.

(Avvicinandosele.)

Lasciatela 'n pace, vi dico.

(Le rubba l' orlogio.)

Mrs. Bentson. Grazie. Peró mi rubba.

Il Dombeno. Legger posso nelle sue mani
Che sorte le toccherá domani!

Mrs. Bentson. Ah! Signor, mi lasci 'n pace.

Il Sepoi.

(Mirando l' orlogio.)

Che bona sorte!

Il Dombeno. Signora!

Il Mercante. Una parola!

Mrs. Bentson.

(Furiosa.)

Basta! La governante sono
De la figlia del governatore.

Federico.

(Accorendo.)

Ah! Mrs. Bentson in furor!

Rosa. Che cosa c' é? dicaci sú!

Mrs. Bentson. M' isultan, troppo!

Il coro.

(Riprende come se nulla fossa accaduto.)

Venite, pria 'l mezzodí soni, ecc.

Federico e Rosa.

Il loro zelo riprender chi puote
Vegga que' mercant 'onesti,—le lor merci
Come si dán pena.

Mrs. B. Observe how guileless they appear!
My watch, alas, they 've stolen from me.
What 's this new rumpus they are making?

Fred. 'T is the signal for upbreaking;
'T is the warning now to close.

Scene III.

(The same, without the pedlers.)

Mrs. B. They are deafening! I ask for quiet—

Fred. You must renounce that for to-day, Mrs. B.

Rose. Ah! I adore this rumpus!

Mrs. B. Meanwhile the market is over.

Fred. But the festival commences!

Rose. The festival of Tiaïr, the first day of Spring.

Mrs. B. And what will they do now?

Fred. They will dance on all the squares, and sing at the street corners. The crowds delight in going from one to another; now here, now there. It is quite amusing.

Mrs. B. But we have lost Miss Ellen.

Fred. She is in the care of her lover.

Rose. Oh! she is not in any danger. Here are the dancers!

Mrs. B. What dancers?

Fred. Have you never heard tell of the Bayaderes of India?

Mrs. B. What do they do, ordinarily?

Fred. They live in the pagodas for the pleasure of the priests of Brahma.

Mrs. B. Are they vestals?

Fred. If you like. They are vestals with nothing to guard.

(Ballet of the Bayaderes.)

(At the close of which Nilakantha and daughter are seen. He in the costume of a Hindoo penitent or beggar. The Bayaderes retire, followed by the crowd. Nilakantha goes back with Lakmé.)

Scene IV.

Rose, Frederic, Mrs. Benson, and later on, Gerald and Ellen.

Ellen, Rose, Mrs. B.
Yonder see that old man
Upon his daughter leaning.

Mrs. Bentson. Ecco che fan l' innocenti
Ma l' orlogio che m' han preso!

(Si sente la campana del mercato.)

Cielo! Ch' é quest' altro fracasso?

Federico. É della partenza 'l signal
E 'l mercato se ne va.

(Ripetizione del coro. I mercanti si retirano poco a poco, cacciati dalle guardie.)

Scene III.

(Alcumi passanti indiani e de' marinari restono in gruppi al fondo del teatro, la musica continua piano.)

Mrs. Bentson. Al fin
Speriam di goder pace.

Federico. No! appena, oggi!

Mrs. Bentson. Le botteghe fermate son, si dice.

Federico. I giochi comincian.

Mrs. Bentson. Ma perché non divertirsi
Con piú calma?

Rosa. Ecco le ballerine.

Mrs. Bentson. Oseró guardarle?

Federico. Certo!

Mrs. Bentson. E non sono
Tante vergin pazze?

Federico. In sacri templi vivon,
I preti ne veglian 'l sonno.

Mrs. Bentson. Allor seran vestali, eh!
Federico. Che null' han da guardar.

(Balletto delle Baiadere.)

(Composto di differenti parti chiamate Terana. Checla, Persiana, ecc. Alla fine del balletto, la folla si ritira seguendo le ballerine. Mentre che sortono, si vede passar Nilacanta col'e figlia. E' vestito in costume di Sanniassi, o penitente indiano.)

Scene IV.

Rosa, Federico, Mrs. Bentson, poi Gerardo ed Elena.

Recit.

Elena. Rosa, Mrs. Bentson.
Ecco lá quel vecchio
Che della figlia prende 'l braccio.

Fred. 'T is a Sanniassy.

Rose. His looks are full of meaning.

Fred. He wanders about
And scorns not the humblest of off'rings,
While his daughter oft sings sacred ballads,
Which the Hindoos will hearken to the live-long day.

Mrs. B. Ah! Miss Ellen! at last!

Fred. And how contented
She rests upon his arm!

Ellen. Yes, in truth, I am happy!
See my heart,
Full of sunshine and love,
Is all gladness!

Rose. He nothing has brought back!

Ellen. I 'm glad!

Fred. Did Nilakantha to you appear?

Ger. I saw his daughter — she was smiling
As she trod the flowery path.
To the green banks she went
To cull the lotus blue.
Feelings strange overcame me
And fast I ran away.

Ellen. For this I love you more to-day!

Mrs. B. To the palace we 'll go.

Ellen. I 'm charmed with all this gladness.

Rose.

(To Frederic.)

She is still unaware
That to-morrow you march —
Both of you.

Fred. Both of us?

Rose. The news is kept most secret,
But I have it all.
So to-night you will march —

Fred. A mere parade!

Rose. Against the rebels forth you 're ordered;
'T is well. Let her not know the truth,
She is all exaltation
And 't would trouble her mind.
But I am much the stronger
And — no lover leaves me behind.

Fred. You now are all trembling.

Rose. For my sister do I fear!

Fred.

(To himself.)

Ah, yes, she is lovely!

Federico. É un Sanniassi.

Rosa. Lo sguard' ha significante.

Federico. Gira 'ntorno
Né disprezza offrande' umi'li
Mentre la figlia canta sacre canzone
Che l' indiani 'scoltan tutt' 'l santo giorno

Mrs. Bentson. Ah! Elena; al fin!

Federico. Come di lui sul braccio
Contenta si appogia!

Elena. Si, 'n vero, son felice!
'L mio cor
Pien d' amor
É tutt' allegria!

Rosa. Nulla seco recó.

Elena. Ne son contenta.

Federico. T' apparve Nilacanta?

Geraldo. Vidi su' figlia—che rideva
Discendendo 'l vial fiorito.
Alle sponde verdeggianti
Venne per côrvi l' azzurro lotus
Strano sentir mi sopravvenne
E svelto mene fuggii.

Elena. Cosi t' ameró di piú.

Mrs. Bentson. Al palaggio tornerem.

Elena. M' incanta st' allegria

Rosa.

(A Federico.)

Ella non conosce ancora
Che domani marcerete
Tutt' e due.

Federico. Tutt' e due!

Rosa. La nova si tien secreta.
Peró l' ho intesa dire.
Sta notte marcerete.—

Federico. Sol una rivista—

Rosa. Contr' i rebbell' andrete
Sta ben. La veritá ch' ell' ignori
Ess' é tutto foco.
E le turberebbe la mente.
Ma io son piú forte.
Né mi lascia verun amante.

Federico. Tutta sta tremando.

Rosa. Temo per Elena.

Federico.

(A parte.)

Ah! si, m' innamora!

Rose. Ah! the old man again!
He frightens me!

(Exeunt Frederic and Rose.)

Scene V.

Lakme, Nilakantha, then the crowd.

Nilakantha.

(Coming forward with Lakmé.)

I, a beggar, alms imploring,
And she, a ballad-singing maid.

(Frederic and Rose pass by, indifferent.)

All but self, the crowds ignoring.
They run when we reach for aid,
'Neath these faded robes defective
Who would think here to discover
A skilful, sharp detective?
Do these vile English foes
Feel their blood cease to flow
When they read upon my visage,
That I for vengeance go?

Lakmé.

(Timidly.)

Does Brahma e'er forbid we should o'erlook an outrage?

Nila. The outrage of a wicked foe!

Rosa. Ah! 'l vecchio di novo!
Mi fa paura!

(Sorton Federico e Rosa.)

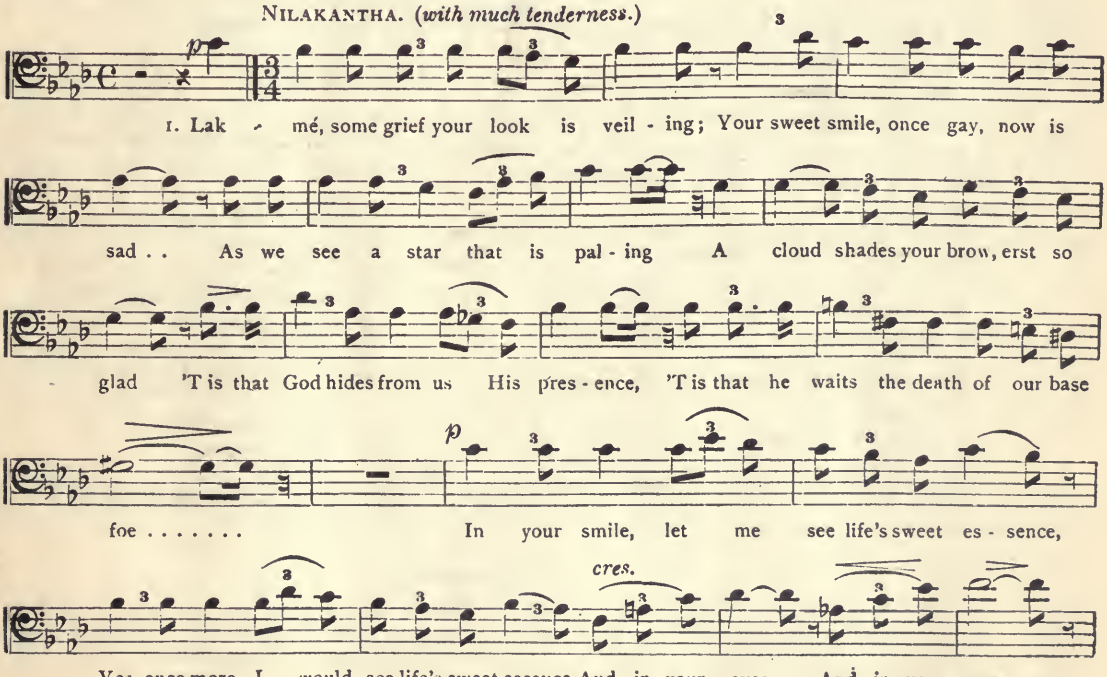
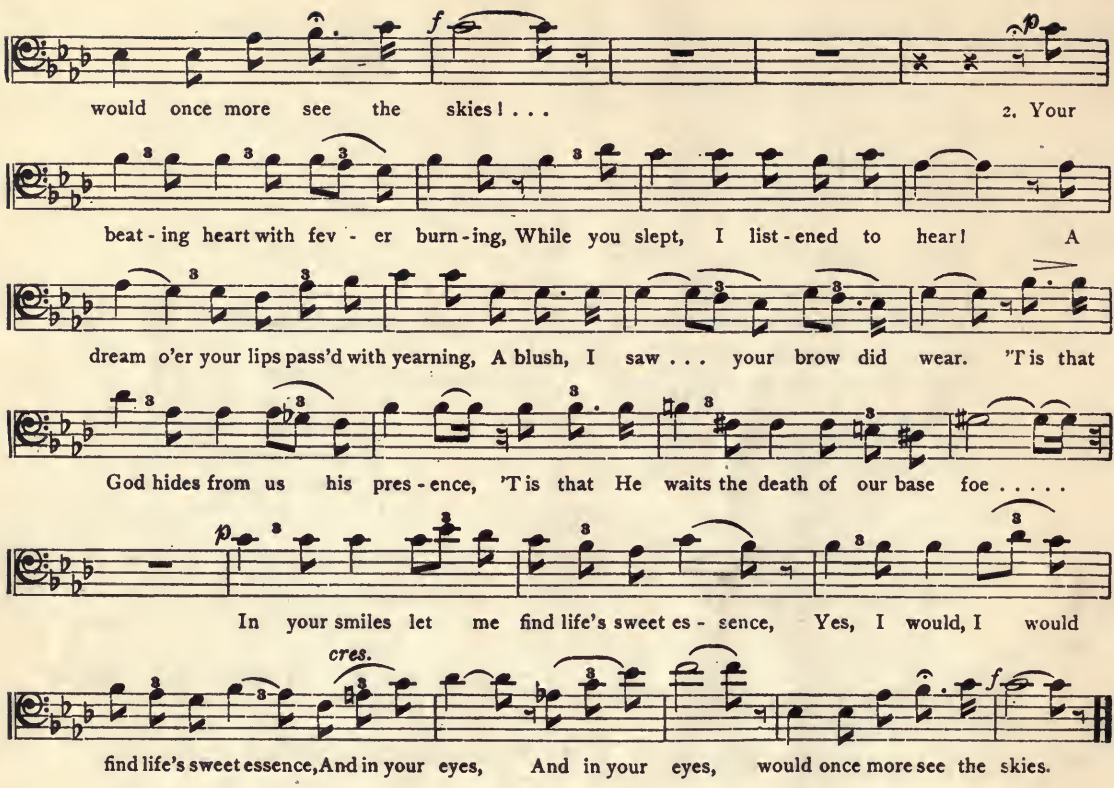
Scene V.

Entra Lacme, Nilacanta, poi la folla.

Nilacanta. É un povero mendico,
Una cantatrice al lato
La folla cui la man stendo
Al passar nostro fugge!
In questo squallido vestito
Chi verria 'l giudice 'n cerca del [sangue,
reo?
Sentiran quest' Inglesi gelarsi 'l
La vendetta 'n volto scrittami
leggendo.

Lacme. Brama, ci vieta un affont' olvidar?

Nilacanta. L' affronto d' un stranero?


Nilakantha. (with much tenderness.)
p
1. Lak - mé, some grief your look is veil - ing; Your sweet smile, once gay, now is
sad . . As we see a star that is pal - ing A cloud shades your brow, erst so
glad 'T is that God hides from us His pres - ence, 'T is that he waits the death of our base
foe . . . . . In your smile, let me see life's sweet es - sence,
p
cres.
Yes, once more I would see life's sweet essence, And in your eyes, And in your eyes, . .

would once more see the skies! . . .
2. Your
beat - ing heart with fev - er burn - ing, While you slept, I list - ened to hear! A
dream o'er your lips pass'd with yearning, A blush, I saw . . . your brow did wear. 'T is that
God hides from us his pres - ence, 'T is that He waits the death of our base foe . . . . .
In your smiles let me find life's sweet es - sence, Yes, I would, I would
cres.
find life's sweet essence, And in your eyes, And in your eyes, would once more see the skies.

(Recitative.)

Lak. Ah! 't is from your own grief I feel my heart thus yearning.
My gay thoughts will return! See! e'en now they are returning.

Nila. If that vile man has access found to me,
If he, too, death has braved, at thy dear side to be,—
Forgive the anger that moves me,—
Ah! 't is that he loves thee!
You, my Lakmé, child of the gods.
Triumphant he goes through the city;
We must hither draw the crowds by some motive of pity.
If you he sees, Lakmé, in his eyes I shall read,
Now strengthen well your voice.
Look gay and smiling. [awaits!
Sing now, Lakmé, vengeance here

(Scene and legend of the Pariah's Daughter.)

Lak. Ah!

(The Hindoos gather by degrees.)

Nila Through the gods' inspiration,
This young girl will here relate

Lacme. É pel dolor tuo,
Che mossa mi sento.
Breve mi tristezza,
Sará, giá parte.

Nilacanta. Se 'l maldetto da me s' introdusse,
Se la morte sfidó sin a te per giunger.
Perdonami la blasféma
É che t' ama!
Te! Lacme mia, figlia de' dei.
Trionfando va per tutto
Teniamo pure questa folla mobile
E se ti vede, lo sguardo, lo tradirá
Con voce ben ferma—e volto ridente,
Canta, Lacme, canta,
Lá é la vendetta!

(Poco a poco la folla s' avvicina, attirata dalla voce di Lacme.)

Nilacanta.

(Alla folla.)

Dagli déi 'nspirata,

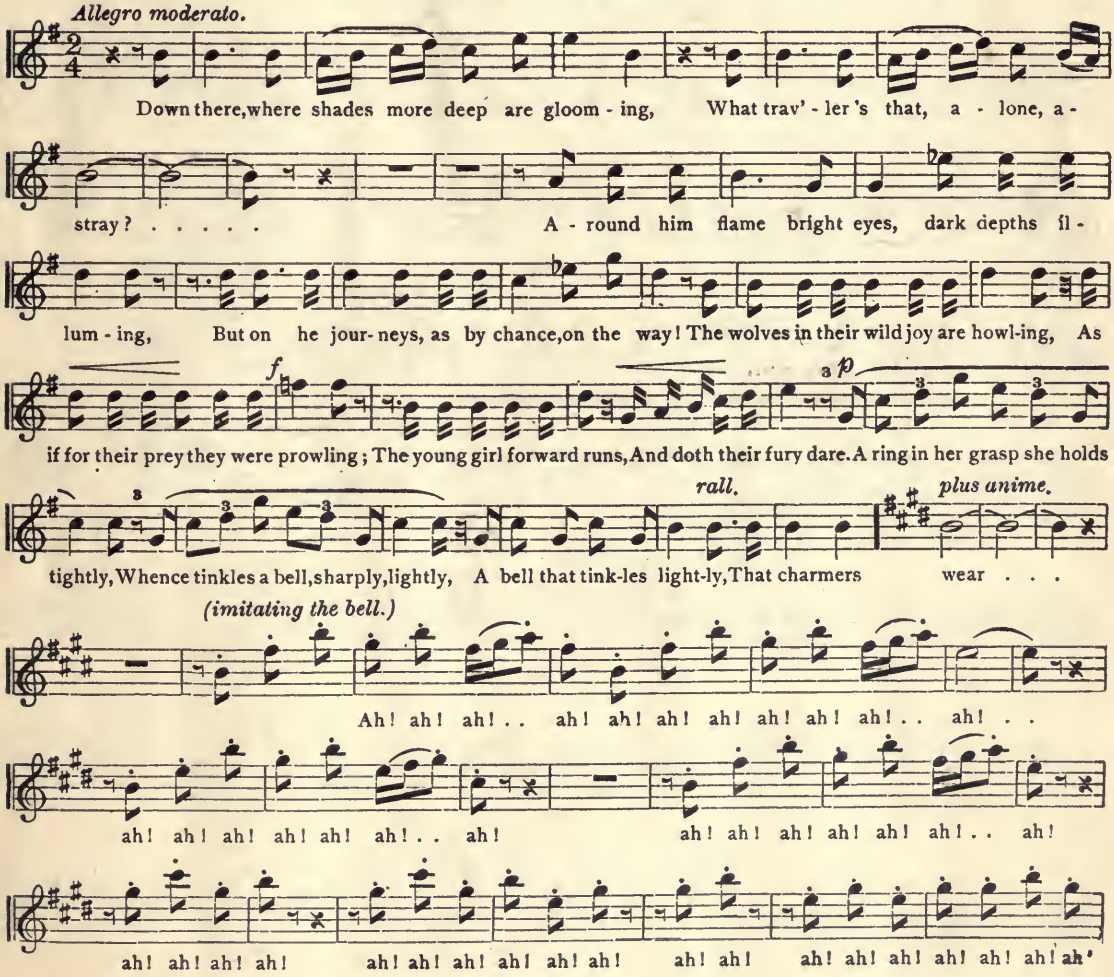
A legendic narration
Of the pariah's fair daughter's fate.
Chorus. Let us hear this legend. Listen now!

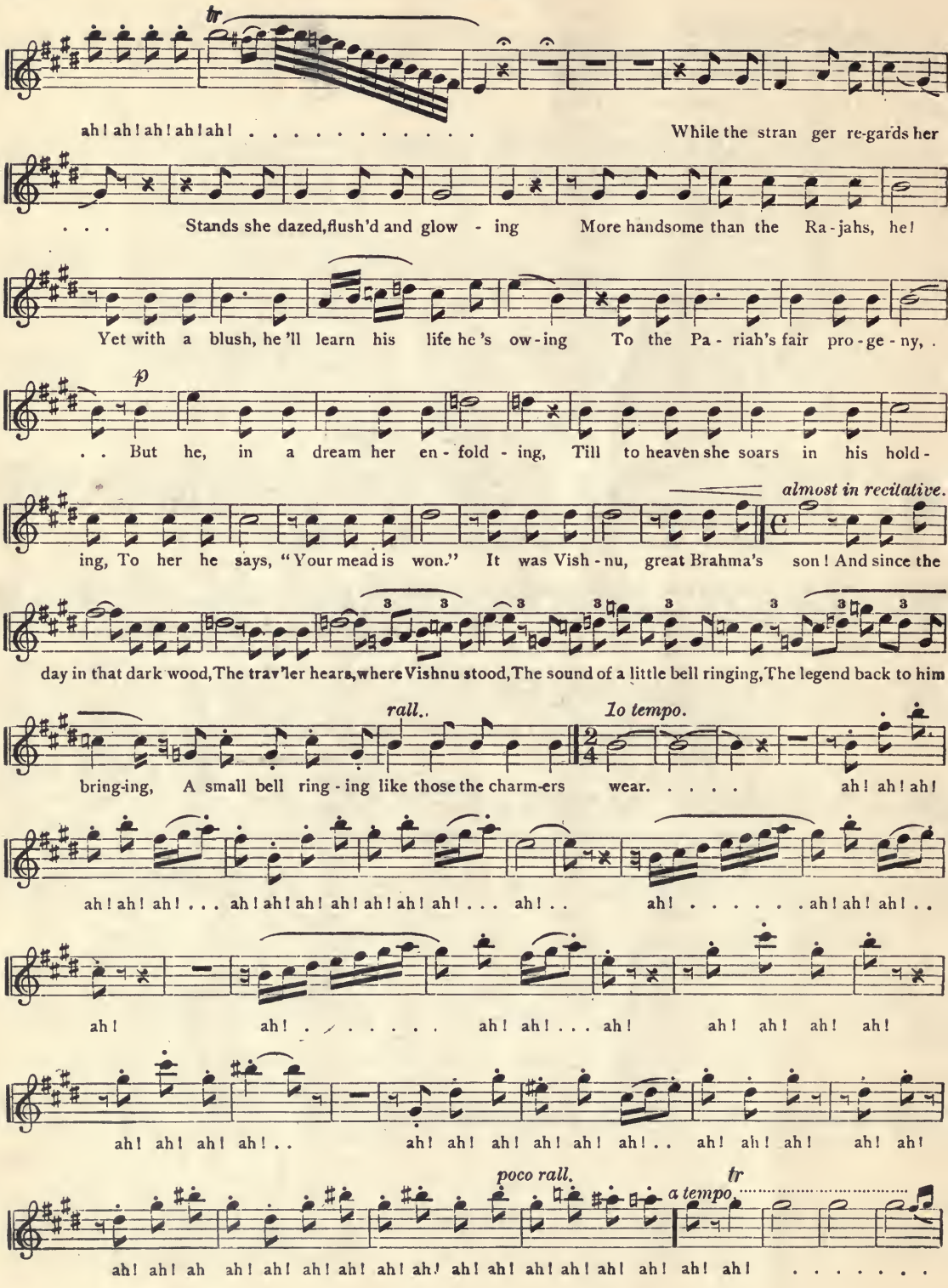
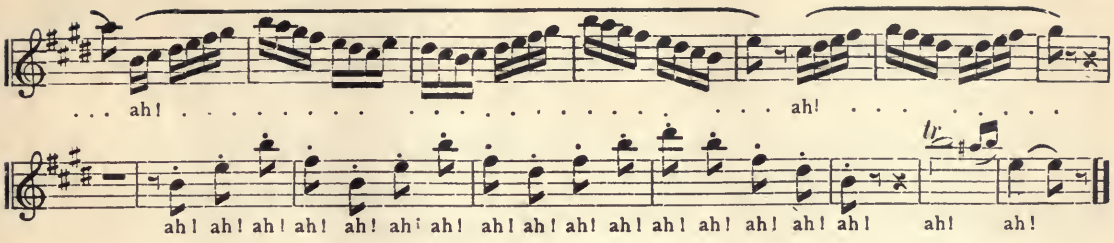
Lak. Where goes the maiden straying,
This child of the pariah band?
When the bright moonlight is playing
Amid the forests grand,
Tripping light over the mosses,
Never remembers she
That a deadly hate ever crosses
The pariah's progeny.
Tripping light over the mosses,
Wanders the maiden free;
Through the pink oleanders,
With her sweet thoughts she wanders,
She moves on with steps light,
And laughs out at the night!

L' infante vi dirá
La leggenda sacrata
De la figlia del Pariá

Lacme. Dove va la giovin inda,
Figlia de' Pariá,
Quando la luna scherza
La foresta 'llegrando?
Corre sovra 'l musco
E non si ricorda
Le croci e l' odí,
Che la figlia de' Pariá
Portó! Fra lori vagando
Passa senza nessun rumor,
Segue suo capriccio!

INDIAN BELL SONG.


Allegro moderato.
Down there, where shades more deep are gloom - ing, What trav' - ler 's that, a - lone, a -
stray? . . . . . A - round him flame bright eyes, dark depths íl -
lum - ing, But on he jour - neys, as by chance, on the way! The wolves in their wild joy are howl-ing, As
if for their prey they were prowling; The young girl forward runs, And doth their fury dare. A ring in her grasp she holds
rall.
plus anime.
tightly, Whence tinkles a bell, sharply, lightly, A bell that tink-les light-ly, That charmers wear . . .
(imitating the bell.)
Ah! ah! ah! . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . ah! . .
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!


tr
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . . . . While the stran ger re-gards her
. . . Stands she dazed, flush'd and glow - ing More handsome than the Ra - jahs, he!
Yet with a blush, he 'll learn his life he 's ow - ing To the Pa - riah's fair pro - ge - ny, .
p
. . But he, in a dream her en - fold - ing, Till to heaven she soars in his hold -
almost in recitative.
ing, To her he says, "Your mead is won." It was Vish - nu, great Brahma's son! And since the
day in that dark wood, The trav'ler hears, where Vishnu stood, The sound of a little bell ringing, The legend back to him
rall..
bring-ing, A small bell ring - ing like those the charm-ers wear. . . . .
1o tempo.
ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah! ah! . . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . . ah! . . ah! . . . . . ah! ah! ah! . .
ah! ah! . . . . . ah! ah! . . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah! . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
poco rall.
tr
a tempo
ah! ah! ah ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! . . . . . .

Scene VI.

The same; then Gerald, Frederic, officers.

Nila.

(Aside.)

My fury doth o'erwhelm me! He has not yet come. I should know him at once!

(To Lakmé.)

Sing out; repeat it!

Lak. My father!

Chorus and Nila. Ah! sing it again.

(Officers appear at the back, Gerald and Frederic among them.)

Lak. Where goes the Hindoo straying,
Child of the pariah band?

(She perceives Gerald, who has not yet seen her.)
(Greatly moved.)

Where the moonlight is playing
Through the mimosas grand, —
Tripping light o'er the mosses.
Ah! never remembers she.

Nila. Sing on! once more, sing on!

Lakmé.

(More and more disturbed.)

Ah!

(Utters a cry at sight of Gerald approaching.)

Gerald.

(Springing forward to support her.)

Lakmé!

Nilakantha.

(Catching at Lakmé.)

It is he!

Cho. What disturbs her thus?

Lakmé.

(Trying to conquer her emotion.)

'T is a sudden pain — nothing more.

Scene VI.

Entrano nel fondo, alcuni officiali poi Geraldo e Federico.

Nilacanta.

(A parte.)

Il furor mi divora,
Non é venuto
L' avrei notato.

(A sua figlia.)

Canta, canta, ancora!

Lacme.

(Esitando.)

Ah! Padre!

Coro. Ah! cant' ancora!

(Entrano Geraldo e Federico.)

Lacme.

(Con voce tremola.)

Donde va la giovin indà,
Figlia de' Pariá
Quando la luna scherza
La foresta 'llegrando
Corre sopra 'l musco.

(Avvedendosi di Geraldo che non l' ha ancora veduta, continua tutta mossa.)

Donde va la giovin inda,
Figlia de' Pariá . . . .

Nilacanta. Ancora!

Lacme. Quando la luna scherza
La foresta 'llegrando . . . .

Nilacanta. Ancora!

Lacme.

(Ripete l' imitazione delle campane e grida forte vedende Geraldo che s' avviccina.)

Ah!

Geraldo.

(Precipitandosi per sostenerla.)

Lacme!

Nilacanta.

(Preudendo la figlia.)

É lui!

Coro. Chi cosí la move?

Lacme.

(Procurando di vincere l' emozione.)

É un mal che ignoro.

It was unexpected;
Now 't is gone, I 'll try to be collected.
(With a faltering voice.)
Ah! —

Gerald.
(To Fred.)
Behold! the Brahmin's daughter!

Fred. What, here?

Nilakantha.
(To Lakmé.)
You are by Brahma inspired, and the stranger is betrayed!

Lakmé.
(Growing weaker.)
Ah!

Gerald.
(With emotion.)
'T is herself; 't is Lakmé!

Fred. Ah! prudent be.

Ger. Leave me free! Her once more let me see.

Fred. On us they are calling.

Ger. But stay.

Cho. Soldiers are they.

Fred. And that young girl; does she then you detain?

Ger. No, no.
(They go out.)

Nila. I know him now! God is with us again.

(The English soldiers file out the back, headed by fifers and drummers. The crowd gathers slowly. The Brahmin and conspirators group on the front of the stage.)

Scene VII.

Nilakantha, Lakme, Hadji, and Hindoos.
Scene and Chorus.

Nilakantha.
(Mysteriously to the conspirators.)
'Mid the songs of joy and pleasure,
When the crowd turns to go;
Where the priests march in stately measure,
By a glance I 'll point out the foe;
We 'll then from his friends separate him,
And noiselessly onward we 'll go.
Till in a circle we instate him,
And will close on him sure and slow.

Cho. We 'll then from his friends separate him,
And noiselessly onward we 'll go.

Non é niente . . . passó . . . cantero di nuovo.
(Con voce debole.)
Ah!

Geraldo.
(A Federico.)
La figlia del bramano!

Federico. Qui!

Nilacanta.
(Alla figlia.)
Ah! Brama t' inspiró!
Lo straner s' é tradito!

Geraldo.
(Con animo.)
É Lacme, é dessa!

Federico. Prudenza!

Geraldo. Lasciami verla!

(S' ode di lontano il battere di tamburri e il suono de' ziffoli.)

Federico. Ci chiaman!

Geraldo. Aspetta!

Federico. Che! Sta creatura ti tien?

Geraldo. No, no.
(S' allontanano.)

Nilacanta. Lo conosco! Dio c' é rivenuto!

(I soldati inglesi sfilano al fondo del teatro, con ziffoli e tamburri alla testa. La folla gli accompagna e s' allontanano lentamente Nilacanta e gli indiani s' aggruppano sul devanti della scena.)

Scene VII.

Nilacanta, Lacme, Aggi, Indiani.

Nilacanta. In mezzo de' canti d' allegria,
Sta sera, che la folla segua
'L corteggio de la Diva,
Col sguardo lo designeró!
De' sui separate 'l reo,
Quieti quieti andrete,
E con circolo 'mpassabile
Lenti lo circonderete!

Coro. De' sui separando 'l reo, etc

Nila. Sure and slow,
And ready for the blow.
Depart then without trepidation.
I shall be there. with arm trained and strong;
'T is mine, by heaven's consecration,
Ah! 't is I who 'll avenge the wrong,—
To me doth the task belong.

Lak. O my father, with you I 'll go.

Nila. No, daughter, no! [known,
My heart, that weakness ne'er hath
Would fail if you were at my side.
With faithful Hadji here abide.

(Nilakantha and the conspirators depart slowly. Lakmé remains with Hadji.)

Scene VIII.

Lakme, Hadji.

Hadji The master thinks only of his vengeance. He has not seen your tears flow, O mistress; but Hadji was nigh. Hadji reads what the face tells, he knows what traces grief leaves there; he belongs to you and his life is of no account. When you were a child I defied the tigers in the jungle to cull the flowers for which you smiled. In the depths of the sea I sought to find a pearl for you more fair than others knew. A woman you are to-day; your thoughts have other caprices, your heart other desires. If you have an enemy to punish, tell me! If you have a friend to save, give me your order!

(Lakmé grasps his hand firmly.)

Scene IX.

The same. Gerald.

Duo.

(At this moment Gerald returns thoughtfully. Lakmé makes a sign to Hadji to go farther away. Then she runs toward Gerald.)

Ger. Lakmé! 't is you I see?
You hither come to me!

(With warmth.)

In the fancies of dreaming,
I saw you as I neared;
The veil uplifted, seeming,
Then the idol appeared.
To your power I submitted,
By your charms drawn away;
And, defenceless, I quitted
Earth, for heaven's brighter day.

Nilacanta. Allor, partite senza timor,
Io lá saró, pronto terró,
Il braccio per la sant' ovra,
Son io che l' uccidró!

Lacme. Padre mio, ti seguiró!

Nilacanta. No, no! che 'l cor che mai mi mancó,
Si moveria con pietà.
No, resta pure qui con Aggi!

(Gli Indiani e Nilacanta escono lentamente. Lacme resta sola con Aggi.)

Scene VIII.

Lacme, Aggi.

Aggi. Il padron non pensa ch' alla vendetta.
Non vidde di te l' amare larme
O padrona mia!
Aggi peró 'l tuo bel volto legger sa,
E t' appartiene:
La vita d'Aggi conta poco.
Quand' eri bimb' ancora
Vagavo 'n foreste dense
Per côrti 'l fior ch' ami.
Andava 'n fond' al mare
Per côrti la perla
Che desiavi.
Tu se' ora 'na donna
'L tuo cor ad altro pensa.
Se nemico hai da punir
Parla.
S' un amico hai da salvar
Commanda.

Scene IX.

Duo.

(Entra Geraldo pensoso. Lacme fa cenno ad Aggi di ritirarsi e poi corre da Geraldo.)

Geraldo. Lacme! Lacme! se' tu!
Se' tu' ch' a me vieni!
Nelle vaghe d' un sogno,
T' ho vista passando,
Il velo si solleva,
E l' idolo scende
Sentii 'l poter tuo,
De' tu' vezzi schiavo,
Vado senza difesa,
Al cel strascinato!

Lakmé.

(Sadly.)

My heaven is not your own,
The God you worship blindly
Is not the one whom I have known.
If I to mine could bring your heart,
Our Hindoo brothers, kindly,
Would always take your part
(Hesitating a little.)
'Gainst dangerous foes, or guileful art.

Gerald. Come! all the dangers of creation!
In this wild adoration,
When reason 's lost in bliss. [abyss
Should I see at my feet a yawning
While your long tresses
Sweep me, with tender caresses?

Lakmé.

(Resolutely.)

Your death I 'll ne'er consent to.

Gerald.

(Passionately.)

Ah! this is love, yet asleep,
Who with his wing hath caressed you;
Your heart tho' too strong to weep,
My death assured, has depressed you.

Lakmé. Ah! yes, an enemy bold [me,
'T is, whose hot breath hath caressed
All my heart has shuddered with cold
While the thought of death oppress'd me.
In the forest, quite near by,
A little cabin is hiding,
Built of bamboo, light and dry,—
'Neath a tall tree, shade providing,—
Like a nest for timid birds,
'Mid flow'ring vines, there abiding,
And with welcomes plain as words,
It awaits
Two happy mates.
It escapes all curious eyes—
Outside no secret revealing.
While the wood all silent lies
And surrounds it with jealous feeling.
There 't is,— you will follow me;
Each day when the dawn is breaking,
Smiling, there I 'll come at waking,—
And 't is there you will dwell.

Gerald.

(Repeating.)

And 't is there you will dwell;

(With passion.)

Sweetest of enchantresses.
Say more of that resort!

Lacme. Il ciel mio non é 'l tuo.
Il Dio che mi protegge
Non é quel che tu adori,
A lui se ti conducessi,
Allora, insacrilégo
Porria teco parlare,
Verun rischio correresti.

Geraldo. Vengan tutt' i mali del mondo!
Nell' ebbrezza profonda
La ragion si perde.
Se sott' i pié vedria appert' un abisso
Non temeria: nulla mi noceria,
Le tue trecce toccando che 'm incantan.

Lacme. Non voglio che tue perisca!

Geraldo. Ah! é l' amor latente
Che grid' al cor ch' amo
Con voce celeste;
Non vuoi che perisca
Ah! é l 'amor dormente
Che grid' al cor ch' amo
Con voce celeste;
Non vuoi che perisca!

Lacme. Ah! é un nemico
Che 'l soffio ardente mi tocca.
Tremómmi l' esser tutto,
Non vo' che tu perisca!
(Con misterio.)
Nella selva qui vicina
Una capanna si cela
Ch 'n grand'arbol 'arbitra.
Che tetto mi procaccia.
Come nido d' avi timide
Tra le fraschi nascosta [felici
Da' sguardi tutti secreta' aspetta alme
Tra le frasche nascosta
Da, sguardi tutti secreta
Ed alme felici aspetta.
Ah! é l' amor latente
Che grid' al cor ch' amo
Con voce celeste;
Non vuoi che perisca
Ah! é l' amor dormente
Che grid 'al cor ch' amo
Con voce celeste;
Non vuoi che perisca!
Lá tu mi seguirai,
Ed 'all alba nascente
Torneró sorridente
Ed é lá che vivrai.

Geraldo. O dolce 'ncantatrice!
Parla, sí parla sempre!

Lak. Ah! come; time now presses,
And fleeting hours are short.

Ger. You wish that I should hide me,
But cannot understand
That honor must decide me
When duty makes demand.

Lak. Lakmé implores with supplication.

Ger. Ask of me rather life than station.

Lak. Have I lost my power to command?

Ger. Ah! your eyes are filling!

Lak. That you must die I'm yet unwilling.

(With great energy.)

Ah! 't is an enemy bold, etc.

Ger. Ah! this is love, yet asleep, etc.

Lak. Ah! 't is too late — our people now are here!
Behold when the goddess is near.

(With exaltation.)

O thou who me didst fashion,
And within me woke this passion,
Save thou this stranger's life for me,
Or recall now my soul to thee!

Scene X.

Finale.

(Gerald, Frederic, Ellen, Rose, Mrs. Benson; then Nilakantha, Brahmins, Bayaderes, Hindoos; then Lakmé. Priests arrive and move towards the pagoda.)

Chorus.

(Hymn of the Brahmins.)

Dourga fair, thou who wert born
From the waves of Ganges,
To our eyes appear, and dawn,
Ruler of Time's changes.
Goddess of gold, hear us, we pray.
Give us here thy protection;
O'er us still smile;
Look down meanwhile
On us with pure affection.

(The Brahmins and Bayaderes enter the pagoda; Ellen and Rose re-enter with Mistress Benson; then Frederic arrives with Gerald.)

Ellen. The town is with splendor gleaming.
Hear the cries, the shouts of greetings glad.

Mrs. B. They are crazed, or so are seeming:
Their ten-armed goddess drives them mad.

Lacme. Ah! vien l' tempo stringe
Sono corti l' instanti.

Geraldo. Vuoi che mi celi
Tu non puoi saper
Che qui l'onor m'attacca
L'onor e 'l dovere.

Lacme. Lacme t'implore' e supplica!

Geraldo. Domanda pria la vita!

Lacme. Ho dunque 'l poter perduto!

Geraldo. Ah! Lacme, perché piangi?

Lacme. Ah! non vo' che tu perisca!

Insieme. Ah! é l' amor addormito, ecc.

Lacme. Lungi de' sguardi profani
For nulla la rivela
I quieti boschi, dí e notte
Gelosi sempre la celan.
É finito, la' son i nostri,
Ecco la diva Durga.

(Essa si separa de Geraldo e sortendo vede arrivar Nilacanta.)

Scene X.

Finale.

(Entra Nilacanta, i Bramani, le ballerine sacre, gli indiani; poi Lacme e gli altri attori.)
(Alcuni preti arrivano e si diriggono verso la pagoda.)

Canto di Bramani.

O Durga, che rinasci
Del Gange nell' onde
Vien ci apparisci
Tu che tutto cambi.

(Canto di festa e ballo sacro.)

Dea d'or l' braccio 'ncerca
'Ntorn 'a noi
Ci proteggi
Ci sorridi
Ci aiuti
Sin alla morte.

(I preti entrano nella pagoda. Elena e Rosa entrano accompagnate da Mrs. Bentson; poi Federico arriva con Geraldo.)

Elena. La citta' 'n festa: che gusto!

Rosa. Che grida d'allegria pertutto sonan!

Mrs. Bentson. Perdut' han tutti la testa
Per l' idol con deci bracce!

Fred.

(To Gerald.)

Was it to admire this fair goddess
That you left us in the throng?

Ger.

(Preoccupied.)

Yes, their festival amused me.

Fred.

(Smiling.)

The Brahmin's daughter
Has just now passed along.

Ger.

(Breaking out.)

'T is a dream, a whim enthralling,
Which, flown, is past recalling,
But in my heart, dazed, confounded,
I feel, doubting and astounded,
That alone is Lakmé living.
No one else seems fair to me.

Chorus. O Dourga fair, etc.

Fred.

(Gayly.)

Thence I should like a moral to borrow,
If we should not depart to-morrow,
But the war has some good;
That ideal maiden,
You 'll no more meet, 't is understood.

(Goes out.)

Ellen. How leave this noise tremendous?

Rose. They 've sworn, I'll make a bet stupendous,

Mrs. B. Our poor ears to smite
From morning till night.

(The procession comes from the pagoda, escorting the ten-armed statue of the goddess Dourga, which is borne in a sort of palanquin. Night has come. Torch-bearers accompany the procession. The Bayaderes join in.)

Chorus. O Dourga bright, etc.

(While the procession marches on, Nilakantha points out Gerald to the conspirators.)

Ger. 'T is a dream, a whim enthralling, etc.

(Nilakantha and the Hindoos watch Gerald; the square empties gradually.)

(He perceives Lakmé, who enters at the right, and goes towards him. Nilakantha follows Gerald, and, at the moment when he is near Lakmé, he strikes him, and escapes quickly, after seeing him fall. Lakmé rushes towards Gerald, leans over and examines him. Her face lightens when she sees that the wound is not mortal.)

Federico.

(A Geraldo.)

E' per ammirar la deessa
Che tu cosí ci lasciasti ?

Geraldo.

(Preoccupato.)

Si, la festa m' interessa !

Federico.

(Sorridendo.)

La figlia del bramano passó di quá !

Geraldo.

(Scoppiando.)

É un sogno, una follia
Che passa e s' oblia,
Ma nel cor rivoltato
Gia' sento con spavento,
Che Lacme sola per me vive,
Vedo sol la beltá sua !

Canto de Bramani. O Dourga, etc.

Federico.

(Con allegria.)

Farti vorrei la morale
Se non partissimo doman.
Ma la guerra ha del bon,
Sta donna tua 'deale
Non será piú sul tu' cammin !

(S'allontana.)

Elena, Rosa e Mrs. Benston.
L' idoli qui portan.
Ci faran girar la testa, se qui restiam
Lá han giurato é véro !
Com' é ver che donne siam.

(I bramani sortono della pagoda, escortando la deessa Durga, di cui la statua vien portata a braccio in una specie di portantina. La notte é venuto. De' portatori di fiaccole accompagnano il corteggio. Le danse sacre si riprendono.)

O Durga, che rinasci, ecc.

(Gli indiani e Nilacanta spiano Geraldo. Nilacanta lo mostra a dito; la piazza si vuota poco a poco.)

Geraldo. É un sogno, una follia, ecc.

(Vede Lacme che si mostra alla diritta. Va verso d'ella. Nilacanta lo segue ed al momento che Geraldo s' accosta a Lacme, lo ferisce e poi fugge subito vedendolo cader.)

Lakmé.

(Leaning over Gerald; spoken.)

Hadji, hush!

(She sees that Gerald has only fainted.)

They think that their vengeance is sated!
Forevermore, love, you are mine.
My life with yours is hence related.
O'er our loves may heaven's star shine.

(Calls Hadji, and runs out.)
(Curtain falls.)

[END OF SECOND ACT.]

Lacme. Aggi, me l'hann' ucciso!

(Lacme corre verso di lui s' inclina sú lui ed esamina la ferita. La faccia sorride quando vede che non é pericolosa.)

Or si credon satisfatti,
Tu m' appartien per sempre.
Oh! non vivia che di te
Dio protegge 'l nostr' amor!

[END OF SECOND ACT.]

THIRD ACT.

(The stage represents a forest in India, that the sun illumes with its fiercest rays. Under a gigantic tree a cabin is nearly concealed and crowned with brilliant flowers.)

(Entr' act.)

SCENE I.

GERALD, LAKME.

(Gerald is extended upon a bed of foliage. Lakmé anxiously watches his slumbers while murmuring a song.)

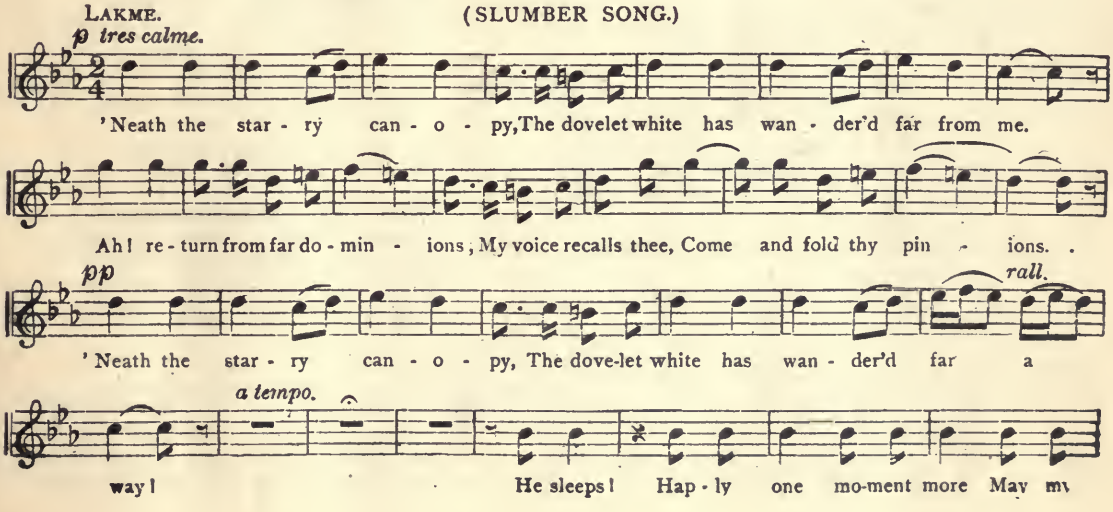
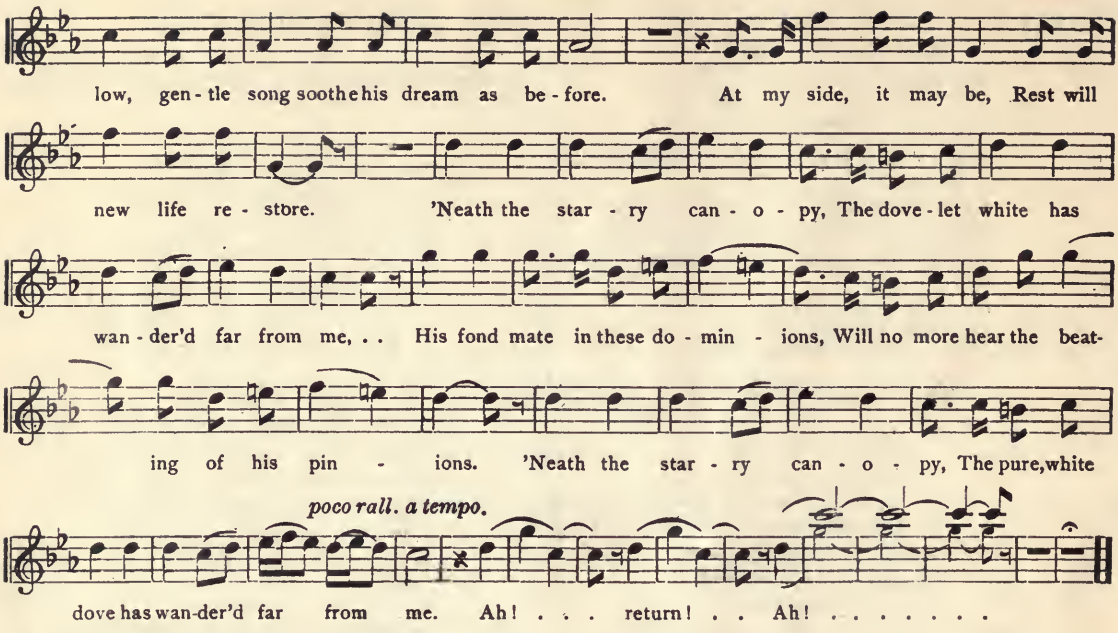
(Il teatro rappresenta parte d'una foresta dell' India che il sole illumina co' raggi piú caldi. Sotto un albero gigantesco una capanna appena chiusa e perduta tra le acacie di color di rosa, le datura a doppio calice bianco, i tulipani gialli.)

SCENE I.

(LACME.)

(All 'alzarsi del sipario, Geraldo é steso sopra un letto di foglie. Lacme mezzo inclinata e inquieta veglia il suo sonno, borbottando una canzone.)

'NEATH THE STARRY CANOPY.

(SLUMBER SONG.)

LAKME.
p tres calme.
'Neath the star - ry can - o - py, The dovelet white has wan - der'd far from me.
Ah! re - turn from far do - min - ions, My voice recalls thee, Come and fold thy pin - ions.
pp
rall.
'Neath the star - ry can - o - py, The dove-let white has wan - der'd far a
a tempo.
way! He sleeps! Hap - ly one mo-ment more May my

low, gen - tle song soothe his dream as be - fore. At my side, it may be, Rest will
new life re - store. 'Neath the star - ry can - o - py, The dove - let white has
wan - der'd far from me, . . His fond mate in these do - min - ions, Will no more hear the beat-
ing of his pin - ions. 'Neath the star - ry can - o - py, The pure, white
poco rall. a tempo.
dove has wan-der'd far from me. Ah! . . . return! . . Ah! . . . . . .

Gerald.

(Opens his eyes without observing Lakmé.)

What mem'ries, strangely vague,
On my thoughts are now weighing?
All my weakened senses o'erlaying;
What dream is this that does me oppress? [redress.
As 'neath some charm I lie without
I now recall; the town in guise was festive,
Along the street I strolled with fancies suggestive,
When the gleam of a poniard flash'd quick on my sight;
Then around me all was night!

Lakmé.

(Leaning over him.)

'T was thence that Hadji, thro' the shadows dark, [park;
Has borne you senseless to this verdant
I soon brought the life to your pale brow again.
The daughters of my caste, with early youth attain
The power to heal all wounds,
By juices of flowers applying.

Ger. I too, recall,—still mute, inanimate,—
I saw you bent o'er my lips; while thus lying,
My soul upon your look was attracted and fastened;

Geraldo.

(Svegliandosi senza veder Lacme).

Che vago ricordo turbami la mente?
E sul petto sí oppresso
Che sogno triste s' offusca?
Impotente qui giaccio,
Da' un incanto oppresso
Mi ricorda era la citta' 'n festa
Andavo in estasi, mezzo svegliato
Po' 'l lampo vidi scintillar d'un stiletto.
E si fece notte!

Lacme

(Inclinacdosi verso di lui).

Allor Aggi, nell' ombra venendo.
Ti trasportó 'n sto tetto di verdura.
Al fronte pallido vita ritornai
Le Donne pari mie 'mparan nascendo
Con succhi di fior ferite curare.

Geraldo. Mi ricorda, senza voce, inanimata
Sulle labbra tu stavami 'nclinata;
L 'alma mia né tuoi sguardi fissa.
Ravvivavasi sotto 'l tuo respiro.

'Neath your breath life awoke and recovery hastened.
O my charming Lakmé; ah, come!
Through the forest depths secluded,
Love's wing above us has passed; [truded,
Earth-cares have not been in-
And heaven on us falls at last.
These flow'ring vines, with blooms capricious,
Bear o'er our pathway scents delicious; [beset,
Which soft hearts, with raptures
While all else we forget.

Lak. Here I may always reach you,
And together we 'll live;
And while fondly I teach you,
The gods' history will give.
Here, with voices united,
We will sing the gods blest,
'Fore whom all bend, affrighted,
But who give to us rest;
And your spirit outflaming
Shall with rapture be full,
O'er the charmed world proclaiming,
Here that Brahma doth rule!

(Songs are heard in the distance.)

Ger. Oh, listen! Some persons are passing
Along the forest road.
No curious eyes will see us,
Or find out our abode.

Chorus.

(In the wings.)

Down along the mountain
Let 's repair,
While the tuneful fountain
Waits us there,
From its rippling waters,
Two by two,
Drink we, sons and daughters,
'Neath skies blue.

Ger. What 's that song of tender feeling
That seems like kisses o'er us stealing?

Lak. Of lovers 't is and amorous maids,
Who, wand'ring through the sylvan shades,
Go to the fountain pure, there springing,
And holy water thence come bringing,
To happy maids and lovers dear.
(Sedately.)
When this cool draught is drained
By their lips' burning fever,

Vien nel contento profondo
Passó dell 'amore l' ala
E per ci separar del mondo.
Su noi s'abbassó 'l celo
Sti fior capricciosi
Han odor voluttuoso
Che nel cor mollito gettan
L' ebbrezza e l' oblio
Vien nel contento profondo
Su noi s'abbassó 'l celo
E per ci separar del mondo
Passó dell 'amore l'ala!

Lacme. Lá sí porrotti udire
Lá vivrem entrambi
Lá ti porró 'nsegnare
De nostri déi l 'annali!
Lá canterem uniti
Le sacre deitá
Al cui nom si trema,
Che c' han riuniti.
E l'alma tua 'nflammata
Cosi beata diverrá
Sulla terra 'ncantata
Che' é da Brama protetta.

Geraldo. Ascolta
Passando stan la strada
Vicin alla selva.

Lacme. Nessun qui ci puó scoprire!

Coro. 'L colle discendendo Ah!
Insieme,
'L passo volgiamo, Ah!
Fonti si celan.
'L colle discendendo Ah!
Insieme
'L passo volgiamo, Ah!
Fonti di celan,
Ove 'l son appella Ah!
Due a due
Del cel piú pur' onda Ah!
Beviam.
Ove 'l son appella Ah!
Due a due
Del cel piú pur' onda Ah!
Beviam.

Geraldo. Che son st' accenti si tenéri
Che passan com' una carezza?

Lacme. Ah! coppie d 'amanti sono
Che per cammin dolc' e scuro
Van alla diva sorgente
Ber l' onda sacrata
All' amanti cara.

From the same cup obtained,
They wedded are, and evermore
The goddesses, unthoughtful never,
Their love-life they watch o'er.

Cho. Down along the mountain, etc.

Lak. But we shall scarce be able
Those maids to follow through,
Two by two.
To this spring venerable
I 'll go alone for you!
Wait for me!

(Going out.)

Ger. O temptress, charming still!

Ger. Wait for me!

(Gerald follows her with his eyes.)

Ger. I live through your caprice,
And by your sovereign will!

Scene II.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. He lives.

Ger. Ah —

Fred. I forced my way through the bushes — a painful task! I found in the meadow and on the lawn traces of blood which led me hither. I thought you dead; what do you here?

Ger. I was dreaming.

Fred. While the regiment was marching on?

Ger. Let me collect my thoughts.

Fred. The land rises in revolt against us.

Ger. A dagger thrust nearly killed me; Lakmé saved and nursed me.

Fred. The daughter of the Brahmin?

Ger. She restored me to life ere the vital spark had fled. I was unconscious, helpless. Love only could work such wonders.

Fred. These are but idle fancies! Tarry no more, and do not court remorse: if you think she loves you, spare her new grief.

Ger. I will with tender care reward her kindness.

Fred. And your betrothed?

Po' che con ardenti labbra gustato hanno
La stessa coppa per sempre saran uniti.
Le benigne Dive
D' essi guardan l' amor

(Ripetizone del coro.)

Lacme. Non c' é dato senza timor
Quell' amanti seguir
Entrambi
Ma alla fonte santa
Sol' andró senza te.
Aspetta.

(S' allontana lentamente.)

Geraldo.

(Seguendola cogli occhi.)

'L tuo 'ncanto m' ha legato
Di te 'l capriccio schiavo!

Scene II.

Entra Federico.

Recit.

Federico. Vive!

Geraldo. Ah!

Federico. M' aprii 'l cammin tra la sepe— ovra difficil! Vidi nel prato e sull' erba tracce di sangue che qui mi portaron. Ti crede' morto; che fai tu qui?

Geraldo. Dormiva.

Federico. Mentre 'l reggimento marcia?

Geraldo. Lasciami pensare.

Federico. 'L paese contra ci si rivolta.

Geraldo. D' un pugnal ferito quasi morto Lacme salvó e nutri.

Federico. La figlia del braman?

Geraldo. Mi ristoró la vita pria che lo spirto voló. Era for de' sensi, immobil. Amor sol tal miraclo far porria!

Federico. Le son chimere! Non aspettar piú: tene ripentirai: se credi che t' ama, risparmale un dolor novello.

Geraldo. Con tenera cura ricompenseró la sua bontade.

Federico. E la tua fidanzata?

Ger. I am in the power of a demon!

Fred. And your duties as a soldier? These you 'll not forget. I know you too well.

Ger. Count on me. But Lakmé comes, bringing the sacred water.

Fred. Now you may see her, I have no fear! You will resist. I count on you. Now he is saved.

Scene III.

Gerald, alone; then Lakme.

Ger. Twenty times I have just escaped betraying myself. I blushed at concealment, and shame withheld me.

(Perceiving Lakmé approaching.)

Lakmé.

Lakmé.

(Returns triumphant, bringing the cup of holy water.)

So they walked two by two
With their arms interlacing,
These lovers young and true;
I walked quite near them, too,
With my thoughts figures tracing,
I walked; my heart did swiftly beat,
Like theirs,—all athirst,—hope embracing.
And now the tale hear me repeat:

(Religiously.)

When from one cup between them
They 've drunk, each other facing,
United they will e'er remain!

(She looks at him attentively, and, struck with stupor, lays down the cup.)

'T is you no more!
Your soul, when you spoke sweetly,
On your lips was plainly posed
Fire has left your glance completely,
Which lately me enclosed.
Upon your face
Clouds I trace,
Which, though past,
Have froz'n it fast.

Ger. Are n't you still the charming maiden
For whom all else I have forgot?
Are you less fair, your heart with love less laden?

Lakmé.

(Seriously.)

Wish you that our two fates
Should be joined hence, evermore?

Ger. I wish what you desire,—
Our wishes reconciling.
Your whims I still admire,
And wish to see you smiling.

Geraldo. Son in balía d' un demonio!

Federico. E 'l tuo dover di militar? Non lo dimenticherai. Ti conosco molto ben.

Geraldo. Conta su' me. Ma Lacme arriva, portando l aqua sacra.

Federiço. Or tu puo' vérla, non temo! Tu resisterai. Conto su te. Or é salvo.

Scene III.

Lacme rientra trionfante, portando l' acqua.

Lacme. Due a due andavan.
Dandosi la mano
I giovan amanti
Io presso loro
Sol' iva pensosa
Col cor iva tutto mosso
Com' essi d' amor con sete.
Ed ora poi ascoltami.

(Con tono religioso.)

D' una coppa chi beve
Cor a cor uniti son,
Uniti 'n amor per sempre.

(Lo mira con attenzione, poi come stupefatta, pone la coppa a terra e dice.)

Non se' piú tu!
Che cambio é questo?

Geraldo. Lacme!

Lacme. Non se' piú tu! Quando mi parlavi
'L cor sulle labbra ti stava
Lo sguardo non piú ardente
Riman freddo
Sul volto tuo una nube passó
E 'l ha spento!

Geraldo. Non se' piú la Lacme bella
Per chi tutto scordai?
Se' tu men bella e men amante?

Lacme.

(Gravemente.)

Scegli ch' al mio sia 'l tuo destino unito?

Geraldo. Voglio quel che 'l core t' inspira
Voglio—si voglio verti sorrider!

Lakmé.

(Seriously.)

Whichsoe'er the god may be
Whose power you worship blindly,
Whate'er your faith be, harsh or kindly,
You know an oath's worth to me.
Then drink from this cup holy,
Where true love faileth never.
Drink! and swear to love me forever!

Gerald.

(Speaking.)

Heaven!

(Military music in the distance.)

Chorus of Soldiers.

(In the wings, with fifes and drums.)

Be ready —
Be steady —
With joy we leave our camp,
And sing as on we tramp.

Ger. Heavens! they are our soldiers!

Lak. Drink! and mine to be, thus vow!
Drink! Ah! you dare not now!

(Throws down the cup violently.)

Lakmé.

(Gazes fixedly upon Gerald, who looks away at the side whence comes the chorus.)

It is thither his thoughts are returning;
His heart is failing now.
For friends and native land he's yearning.

(With anguish, after trying vainly to attract his attention.)

Ah! all is ended now!

(While Gerald listens with bowed head, Lakmé desperately culls a flower of the datura, and eats it, smilingly, without notice from Gerald.)

Ger. Lakmé, what's that you do?

Scene IV.

The same.

Lakmé.

(Goes to him, smiling tenderly.)

You 've given me love, the sweetest dreaming
That one may know beneath our sky;
Longer stay, till exquisite seeming
Is here made reality.
To me you 've whispered tender phrases,
More sweet than Hindoos ever know;

Lacme.

(Gravemente.)

Qualunque sia 'l Dio clemente
Di cui veneri la potenza
Qualunque sia tua credenza
Conosci 'l valor del giuramento!

(Si odono di lontano canti militari.)

Coro. Marciam sin al fin del dí!
Marciam sin al fin del dí!
Con canti festosi, col cor superbo,
Di passat' assedi, lutte e lori,
Verrem ancor la patria amata!

Geraldo. Le nostre truppe!

Lacme. Ah! giura!

Geraldo. Son esse!

Lacme. E leg' etern' amor!

Geraldo. Lacme!

Lacme. Tu non osi.

(Ella lo guarda con attenzione: mentre gli occhi di Geraldo restano fissi dal lato donde viene il canto de' soldati.)

Son lá i su' pensieri,
Il cor ha' battuto,
Della patria l' entusiasmo.

(Con angoscia dopo d' aver procurato invano d' attirar il suo sguardo.)

Tutt' é finito!

(Mentre Geraldo ascolta, Lacme prende una foglia di datura e la morde in due sorridendo e senza esser veduta Geraldo.)

Geraldo. Lacme, che facesti?

Scene IV.

Lacme. Mi désti tu 'l piú bel sogno
Che poss' aversi guaggiú!
Rest' e 'l celeste sogno finisci
Lungi da' mali sguardi mortali
Dolci accenti mi dicesti
Che l' Indo neppur conosce
Lor son toccommi di tenero amor
Sul volto da te solo premuto
Da te solo premuto!
A me désti 'l sogno piú dolce
Ch' alma guaggiú conosca

You 've taught me what delights and graces
Dwell in vows murmured soft and low.

Ger. That which I read upon your features
Chills my heart, fear smitten, like a stone;
My soul floats free from duller creatures,
And henceforth I am yours alone.

Lakmé.

(With passion.)

Ah! it is now I'd fain believe you;
Behold the cup that here I give you!

(She wets her lips from it, then holds it out to him.)

Drink!

Gerald.

(Taking it exaltedly.)

I am yours, Lakmé, forevermore!

Lak. 'T is to our love feast we outpour!

(Gerald drinks.)

Rest' e 'l celeste sogno finisci
Lungi da' sguardi crudeli!

Geraldo. Lo che sul tu' volto leggo
O Lacme, mi gela di timor
Di tutto 'l cor si distacca
Io non saró piú che tuo!

Lacme.

(Compassione.)

Ah! ora si ch' io crederotti
Ecco la coppa donde beveró.

(Ella vi pone le labbra, e poi la porge a Geraldo.)

Prendi!

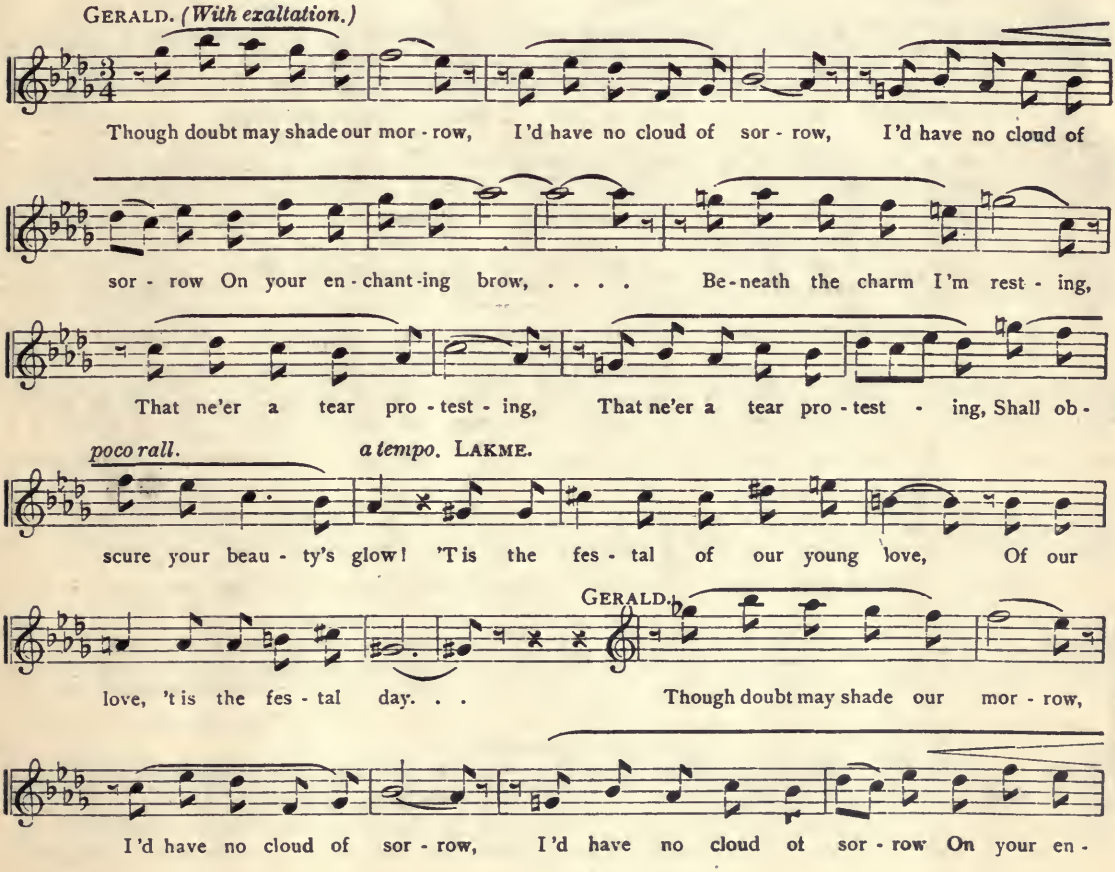
Geraldo.

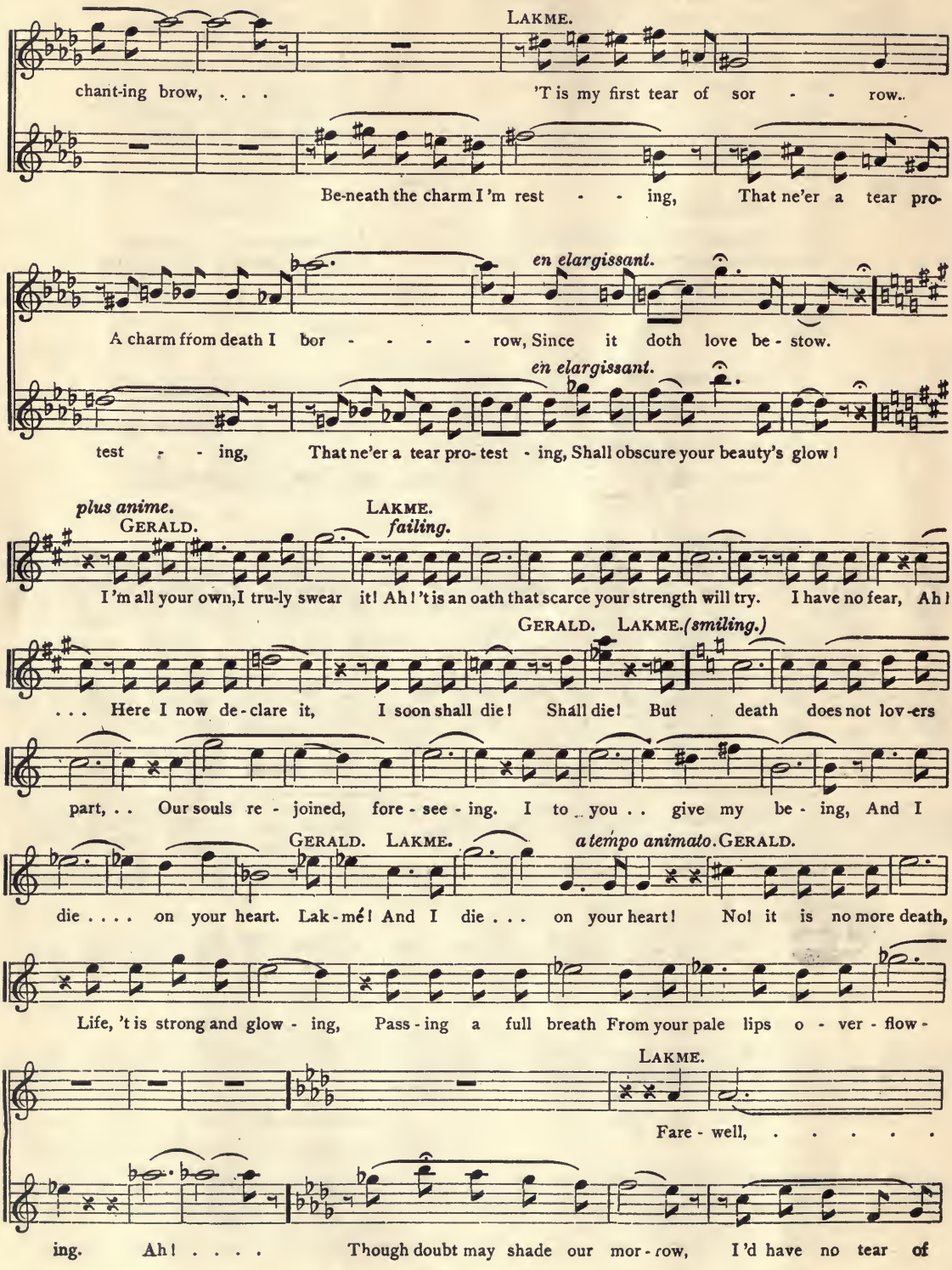
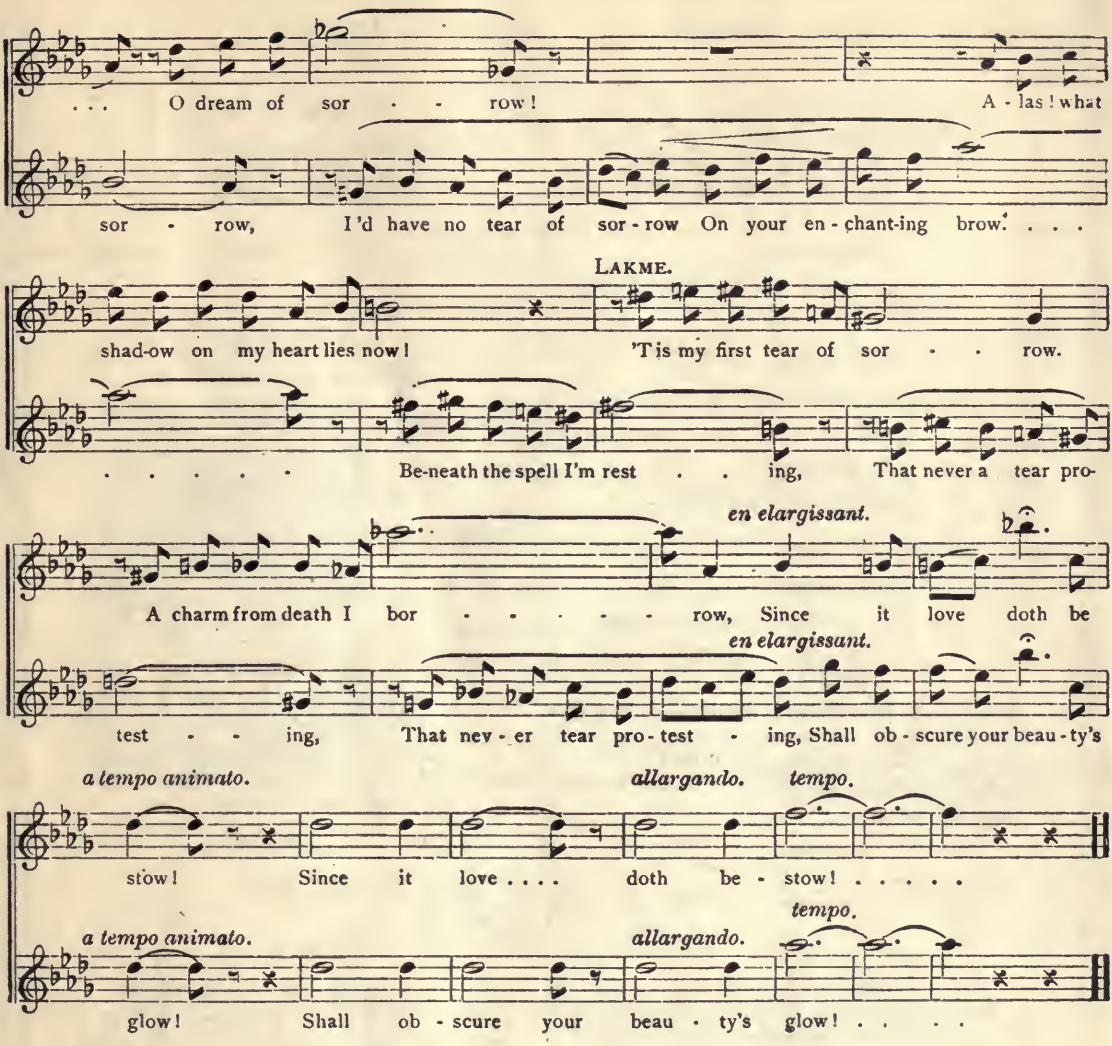
(Prendendola eccitato.)

A te, Lacme, si per sempre.

(Beve.)

Lacme. É la festa del nostr' amor!


GERALD. (With exaltation.)
Though doubt may shade our mor - row, I'd have no cloud of sor - row, I'd have no cloud of
sor - row On your en - chant - ing brow, ... Be - neath the charm I'm rest - ing,
That ne'er a tear pro - test - ing, That ne'er a tear pro - test - ing, Shall ob -
poco rall.
a tempo. LAKME.
scure your beau - ty's glow! 'T is the fes - tal of our young love, Of our
GERALD.
love, 't is the fes - tal day. . . Though doubt may shade our mor - row,
I'd have no cloud of sor - row, I'd have no cloud of sor - row On your en -


LAKME.
chant-ing brow, . . . 'T is my first tear of sor - - row..
Be-neath the charm I 'm rest - - ing, That ne'er a tear pro-
en elargissant.
A charm from death I bor - - - - - row, Since it doth love be - stow.
en elargissant.
test - - ing, That ne'er a tear pro- test - ing, Shall obscure your beauty's glow!
plus anime.
GERALD.
LAKME.
failing.
I 'm all your own, I tru-ly swear it! Ah! 't is an oath that scarce your strength will try. I have no fear, Ah!
GERALD. LAKME. (smiling.)
. . . Here I now de-clare it, I soon shall die! Shall die! But death does not lov-ers
part, . . Our souls re - joined, fore - see - ing. I to you . . give my be - ing, And I
GERALD. LAKME. a tempo animato. GERALD.
die . . . . on your heart. Lak-mé! And I die . . . on your heart! No! it is no more death,
Life, 't is strong and glow - ing, Pass - ing a full breath From your pale lips o - ver - flow -
LAKME.
Fare - well, ...
ing. Ah! . . . . Though doubt may shade our mor - row, I 'd have no tear of

. . . O dream of sor - - row! A - las! what
sor - row, I'd have no tear of sor - row On your en - chant-ing brow! . . .
LAKME.
shad-ow on my heart lies now! 'Tis my first tear of sor - - row.
. . . . . Be-neath the spell I'm rest . . ing, That never a tear pro-
en elargissant.
A charm from death I bor - - - - - row, Since it love doth be
en elargissant.
test - - ing, That nev - er tear pro - test - ing, Shall ob - scure your beau - ty's
a tempo animato. allargando. tempo.
stow! Since it love . . . . doth be - stow! . . . . .
tempo.
a tempo animato. allargando.
glow! Shall ob - scure your beau - ty's glow! . . . .

SCENE V.

The same. NILAKANTHA, Hindoos.

FINALE.

Nila. 'T is he! beside Lakmé. Thou must die!

Ger. Strike now! All unarmed am I!

Lak. Hark first to me.

(Withholding her father by a gesture.)

We have both taken a draught from the ivory flagon, which is sacred for you.

SCENE V.

Entra NILACANTA.

FINALE.

Nilacanta. É lui! é lui!
Vicin a Lacme!

Lacme. Cel! mi' padre.

Geraldo. Ferite pur!

Nilacanta. Can! morrai!

Geraldo. Ferite, son senz' armi!

Lacme. Ascolta, ti prego;
D' una coppa bevemmo.
Si, la coppa sacrata,
Ch' é ilcalice del core!

Nilakantha and chorus. What, he?

Lakmé.

(With failing voice.)

If so it must be —
A victim to the gods you offer,
Let them claim one in me!

Gerald.

(Frightened.)

In her eyes what light is shining!

Lakmé.

(With ecstasy.)

Ah! they 've spoken to me!

Nilakantha.

(Lifting her.)

Lakmé, my daughter!

Gerald. Great God!

(Sobbing.)

She dies now for me.

Lakmé.

(Failing.)

You have given me love, the sweetest dreaming
That one may know beneath our sky;
Let me stay, till exquisite seeming
Has become here reality!
Far from worldly.

(She dies.)

Ger. Ah! heaven!

Nilakantha.

(With exaltation.)

Her soul now has life eternal,
She leaves earth for regions supernal.
Upward bears she our vows on high,
Where angel glories fill the sky!

Nilacanta. Lui!

Lacme.

(Con voce fiacca.)

Se morir uno deve,
E se gli Déi domandan una vittima
A se me chiameranno

Geraldo. Ah! Che luce di lei nel sguardo!

Lacme.

(In estasi.)

Di lor la voce sentó!

Nilacanta.

(Prendendola in disperazione.)

Lacme! figlia mia!

Geraldo.

(Singhiozzando.)

More! per amor mio!

Lacme.

(Cadendo.)

A me 'l piú bel sogno désti
Che possa quaggiú aversi!
Rest' e 'l celeste sogno finisci
Lungi dal mondo disprezzato!
Lungi dal mondo—

(Muore.)

Geraldo. Ah! amor mio.

Nilacanta.

(In estasi.)

Sua é or la vita immortal
Ella entra il celeste portal!
Lássú ci porta le preci nostre:
Col gran Brama vivrá sempre!

[FINE.]

A Graded Course of Study for Singers

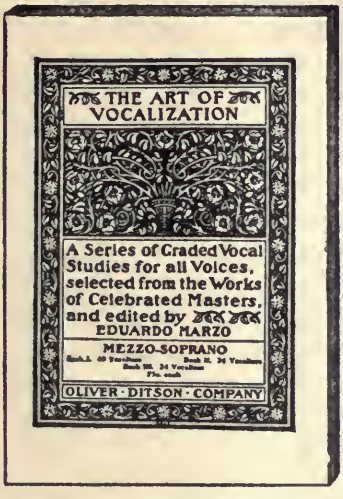
The Art of Vocalization

ONE HUNDRED VOCALISES FOR EACH VOICE

Compiled and Edited by

EDUARDO MARZO

SOPRANO, MEZZO SOPRANO, TENOR, BARITONE, CONTRALTO, BASS


THE ART OF VOCALIZATION
A Series of Graded Vocal Studies for all Voices, selected from the Works of Celebrated Masters, and edited by EDUARDO MARZO
MEZZO-SOPRANO
OLIVER·DITSON·COMPANY

Three books to each voice Each, 1.25

A progressive and systematic arrangement of the best vocalises by the best masters, covering the entire range of vocal training. It is not intended to be used until after pupils have had training in fundamental principles, such as breathing, tone production, tone placing, attack, etc. These studies are for style, phrasing, finish and execution.

This Course is not intended to supply the place of a teacher, but to place in the teacher's and the pupil's hands the material necessary for the study of artistic vocalization.

A First Year of Study for Singers

PREPARATORY COURSE TO

The Art of Vocalization

By EDUARDO MARZO

SOPRANO, MEZZO SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR, BARITONE, BASS

Six books. Each, 1.25

The great favor which has been accorded to Mr. Marzo's "Art of Vocalization" has resulted in a demand for a FIRST YEAR course of study. The compiler has met this by an admirable selection from the works of the standard writers of elementary vocalises, which he has edited with thoroughness and understanding of the technical needs of students of singing.

Note: These works will be sent with return privilege to those with no accounts *upon receipt of price*, which will be cheerfully returned, less postage, if not satisfactory

---

Boston: Oliver Ditson Company

New York: Chas. H. Ditson & Co. Chicago: Lyon & Healy

Order of your local dealer

The Musicians Library

The masterpieces of song and piano literature edited by men of authority

SONG · VOLUMES · ISSUED

BRAHMS, JOHANNES	FORTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by JAMES HUNEKER
FRANZ, ROBERT	FIFTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by WM. FOSTER APTHORP
GRIEG, EDVARD	FIFTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HENRY T. FINCK
HANDEL, GEO. F.	SONGS AND AIRS	For High Voice	Edited by DR. EBENEZER PROUT
HANDEL, GEO. F.	SONGS AND AIRS	For Low Voice	Edited by DR. EBENEZER PROUT
JENSEN, ADOLF	FORTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by WM. FOSTER APTHORP
LISZT, FRANZ	THIRTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by CARL ARMBRUSTER
SCHUBERT, FRANZ	FIFTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HENRY T. FINCK
SCHUMANN, ROBERT	FIFTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by W. J. HENDERSON
STRAUSS, RICHARD	FORTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by JAMES HUNEKER
TCHAÏKOVSKY, P. I	FORTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by JAMES HUNEKER
WAGNER, RICHARD	LYRICS I	For Soprano	Edited by CARL ARMBRUSTER
WAGNER, RICHARD	LYRICS II & III	For Tenor For Baritone and Bass	Edited by CARL ARMBRUSTER
WOLF, HUGO	FIFTY SONGS	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by ERNEST NEWMAN
FIFTY MASTERSONGS		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HENRY T. FINCK
FIFTY SHAKSPERE SONGS		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by DR. CHARLES VINCENT
MODERN FRENCH SONGS (BEMBERG TO FRANCK)	VOL. I	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by PHILIP HALE
MODERN FRENCH SONGS (GEORGES TO WIDOR)	VOL. II	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by PHILIP HALE
MODERN RUSSIAN SONGS (ALPHERAKY TO MOUSSORGSKY)	VOL. I	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by ERNEST NEWMAN
MODERN RUSSIAN SONGS (MOUSSORGSKY TO WIHTOL)	VOL. II	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by ERNEST NEWMAN
ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS		For Medium Voice	Edited by CECIL SHARP
ONE HUNDRED FOLKSONGS (All Nations)		For Medium Voice	Edited by GRANVILLE BANTOCK
ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS (SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, FRANZ, RUBINSTEIN, JENSEN)	VOL. I	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HENRY T. FINCK
ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS (BRAHMS, TCHAÏKOVSKY, GRIEG, WOLF, STRAUSS)	VOL. II	For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HENRY T. FINCK
ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF ENGLAND		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by GRANVILLE BANTOCK
SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by HELEN HOPEKIRK
SIXTY FOLKSONGS OF FRANCE		For Medium Voice	Edited by JULIEN TIERSOT
SIXTY IRISH SONGS		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by WM. ARMS FISHER
SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS		For Medium Voice	Edited by GRANVILLE BANTOCK
SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS		For High Voice For Low Voice	Edited by RUPERT HUGHES
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS	I, II & III	For Soprano For Mezzo-Soprano For Alto	Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS	IV & V	For Tenor For Baritone and Bass	Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL

COMPLETE LIST OF PIANO VOLUMES FREE ON REQUEST

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back, $2.50; in full cloth, gilt, $3.50. Copies mailed postpaid. Other volumes in preparation

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY · BOSTON

The Musicians Library

The masterpieces of piano and song literature edited by men of authority

PIANO · VOLUMES · ISSUED

COMPOSER	TITLE	EDITOR
BACH, JOHANN SEB.	SHORTER PIANO COMPOSITIONS	DR. EBENEZER PROUT
BACH, JOHANN SEB.	LARGER PIANO COMPOSITIONS	DR. EBENEZER PROUT
BEETHOVEN, L. VAN	PIANO COMPOSITIONS TWO VOLUMES	EUGEN D'ALBERT
BRAHMS JOHANNES	SELECTED PIANO COMPOSITIONS	RAFAEL JOSEFFY
CHOPIN, FREDERIC	FORTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS	JAMES HUNEKER
CHOPIN, FREDERIC	THE GREATER CHOPIN	JAMES HUNEKER
GRIEG, EDVARD	PIANO LYRICS & SHORTER COMPOSITIONS	BERTHA F. TAPPER
GRIEG, EDVARD	LARGER PIANO COMPOSITIONS	BERTHA F TAPPER
HAYDN, F JOSEPH	TWENTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS	XAVER SCHARWENKA
LISZT, FRANZ	TWENTY ORIGINAL PIANO COMPOSITIONS	AUGUST SPANUTH
LISZT, FRANZ	TEN HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES	AUGUST SPANUTH
LISZT, FRANZ	TWENTY PIANO TRANSCRIPTIONS	AUGUST SPANUTH and JOHN ORTH
MENDELSSOHN, FELIX	THIRTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS	DR. PERCY GOETSCHIUS
MOZART, WOLFGANG A	TWENTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS	CARL REINECKE
SCHUBERT, FRANZ	SELECTED PIANO COMPOSITIONS	AUGUST SPANUTH
SCHUMANN, ROBERT	FIFTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS	XAVER SCHARWENKA
WAGNER, RICHARD	SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSIC DRAMAS	OTTO SINGER
FRENCH PIANO MUSIC	VOL. I — EARLY COMPOSERS	Edited by ISIDOR PHILIPP
FRENCH PIANO MUSIC	VOL. II — MODERN COMPOSERS	Edited by ISIDOR PHILIPP
GERMAN PIANO MUSIC	VOL. I — EARLY COMPOSERS	Edited by MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI
GERMAN PIANO MUSIC	VOL. II — MODERN COMPOSERS	Edited by MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI
EARLY ITALIAN PIANO MUSIC	PIECES WRITTEN FOR THE HARPSICHORD AND CLAVICHORD	Edited by MICHELE ESPOSITO
MODERN RUSSIAN PIANO MUSIC	VOL. I — AKIMENKO TO KORESTCHENKO	Edited by C. VON STERNBERG
MODERN RUSSIAN PIANO MUSIC	VOL. II — LIADOFF TO WRANGELL	Edited by C. VON STERNBERG
TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES	TRANSCRIBED FOR THE PIANO BY	S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back, $2.50; in full cloth, gilt, $3 50 Copies mailed postpaid. Other volumes in preparation

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY BOSTON

Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (*) contain no music. All the others have the music of the principal airs.

PRICE, 30 CENTS, EACH

A—G

Title	Text	Composer
Africaine, L'	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Aïda	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Armide	*F.*	*C. W. von Gluck*
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Bartered Bride	*G.*	*Frederich Smetana*
Belle Hélèna, La	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		*Robert Planquette*
***Billee Taylor**		*Edward Solomon*
***Boccaccio**		*Franz von Suppé*
Bohemian Girl, The		*Michael Wm. Balfe*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Carmen	*F.*	*Georges Bizet*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Cavalleria Rusticana	*I.*	*Pietro Mascagni*
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		*Robert Planquette*
Cleopatra's Night		*Henry Hadley*
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
Crispino e la Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	*I.*	*Luigi and F. Ricci*
Crown Diamonds, The	*F.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Dame Blanche, La		*F. A. Boieldieu*
Damnation of Faust, The	*F.*	*Hector Berlioz*
Dinorah	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
***Doctor of Alcantara, The**		*Julius Eichberg*
Don Giovanni	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Don Pasquale	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Dorothy**		*Alfred Cellier*
Dumb Girl of Portici, The (Masaniello)	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Elisire d'amore, I'	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
***Erminie**	*I.*	*Edward Jakobowski*
Ernani	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Fatinitza		*Franz von Suppé*
Faust	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
Favorita, La	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fidelio	*G.*	*L. van Beethoven*
Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the the Regiment)	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Fille de Madame Angot, La	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
do.	*G.*	*do.*
Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	*G.*	*Johann Strauss*
Flying Dutchman, The		*Richard Wagner*
do.	*G.*	*do.*
Fra Diavolo	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
Freischütz, Der	*G.*	*Carl Maria von Weber*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
***Gillette** (*La Belle Coquette*)		*Edmond Audran*
Gioconda, La	*I.*	*Amilcare Ponchielli*
Giroflé-Girofla	*F.*	*Charles Lecocq*
Götterdämmerung, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

New York: Chas. H. Ditson & Co. **Chicago: Lyon & Healy**

Order of your local dealer

Made in U. S. A.

Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by Italic letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (*) contain no music. All the others have the music of the principal airs.

PRICE, 30 CENTS, EACH

PRICES ARE Postage extra, except in first and second zones from Boston and New York

G—Z

Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, The	*F.*	*Jacques Offenbach*
*Hamlet		*Ambroise Thomas*
Jewess, The	*I.*	*Jacques F. Halévy*
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	*G.*	*Karl Goldmark*
Lakmé	*I.*	*Léo Delibes*
Lily of Killarney, The		*Sir Jules Benedict*
Linda di Chamounix	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lohengrin	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
do.	*I.*	*do.*
*Lovely Galatea, The		*Franz von Suppé*
Lucia di Lammermoor	*I.*	*Gaetano Donizetti*
Lucrezia Borgia	*I.*	*do.*
*Madame Favart		*Jacques Offenbach*
Manon	*F.*	*Jules Massenet*
Maritana		*Wm. Vincent Wallace*
Marriage of Figaro	*I.*	*W. A. Mozart*
Martha	*I.*	*Friedrich von Flotow*
Masaniello (Dumb Girl of Portici)	*I.*	*D. F. E. Auber*
*Mascot, The		*Edmond Audran*
Masked Ball	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Mefistofele	*I.*	*Arrigo Boito*
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		*Otto Nicolai*
Mignon	*I.*	*Ambroise Thomas*
Mikado, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Nanon		*Richard Genée*
Norma	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Olivette		*Edmond Audran*
Orpheus		*C. W. von Gluck*
Otello	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Pagliacci, I	*I.*	*R. Leoncavallo*
Parsifal	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Pinafore (H. M. S.)		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Prophète, Le	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Puritani, I	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Rigoletto	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Robert le Diable	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Roméo et Julietta	*F.*	*Charles Gounod*
Romeo e Giulietta	*I.*	*do.*
Ruddigore		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
Samson et Dalila	*F.*	*Camille Saint-Saëns*
Semiramide	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Siegfried	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Sonnambula, La	*I.*	*Vincenzo Bellini*
*Sorcerer, The		*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan*
*Spectre Knight, The		*Alfred Cellier*
*Stradella		*Friedrich von Flotow*
Tannhäuser	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Traviata, La	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Tristan und Isolde	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
Trovatore, Il	*I.*	*Giuseppe Verdi*
Ugonotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	*I.*	*Giacomo Meyerbeer*
Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	*G.*	*Friedrich Smetana*
Walküre, Die	*G.*	*Richard Wagner*
William Tell	*I.*	*Gioacchino A. Rossini*
Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	*G.*	*W. A. Mozart*

Boston : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY : New York

Chicago: LYON & HEALY, Inc. London: WINTHROP ROGERS, Ltd.

Order of your local dealer

Made in U. S. A.

SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

EDITED BY H. E. KREHBIEL

Bound in paper, cloth back, $2.50 each, net
In full cloth, gilt . . . . 3.50 each, net

IN these volumes of *The Musicians Library* the editor has presented in chronological order the most famous arias from operas of every school. Beginning with songs from the earliest Italian productions, a comprehensive view of operatic development is given by well-chosen examples from German, French, and later Italian works, down to contemporary musical drama.

Each song or aria is given in its original key with the original text, and a faithful and singable English translation.
Each volume contains an interesting preface by Mr. Krehbiel, with historic, descriptive, and interpretative notes on each song.
Portraits of the most noted composers represented are given in each volume.
Size of each volume, 9½ x 12½ inches.

SOPRANO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-three numbers by nineteen composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 25 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bellini, Gluck, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and Weber.

MEZZO SOPRANO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains thirty numbers by twenty-five composers. The music covers 186 pages, the prefatory matter 29 pages. Portraits are given of Auber, Bizet, Donizetti, Handel, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Spontini, Thomas, and Wagner.

ALTO SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-two composers. The music covers 176 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Glinka, Gluck, Handel, Lully, Meyerbeer, Purcell, Rossini, Thomas, and Verdi.

TENOR SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-one composers. The music covers 192 pages, the prefatory matter 27 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bizet, Gluck, Gounod, Mascagni, Massenet, Verdi, Wagner, and Weber.

BARITONE AND BASS SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

Contains twenty-seven numbers by twenty-four composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Bellini, Bizet, Cherubini, Gounod, Halévy, Handel, Mozart, Ponchielli, and Tchaïkovsky.

Boston : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY : New York

Chicago : LYON & HEALY, INC. London : WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.

Order of your local dealer

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

AUG 24 2002

12,000 (11/95)

ML50.D36.L3 1890
-
-
C036960919
U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C036960919

DATE DUE

Music Library
University of California at
Berkeley